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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE PRESIDENT'S Message to Congress seems from the meagre extracts which have been forwarded by REUTER'S telegraph to be wholly uninteresting. On some former occasions the compilers of these summaries have, intentionally or through negligence, misrepresented the PRESIDENT'S meaning; and it is possible that the full text, when it is published some days hence, may be more instructive than the telegraphic abridgment. The passage which refers to Cuba is temperately expressed; and there is no indication of a desire to fasten a quarrel upon Spain. The comments of English journals on the rumour which attributed a pugnacious policy to General GRANT have been misunderstood in the United States. It is now known that the Note communicated by Mr. CUSHING to the Government of Madrid was dated more than a year ago; but the newspapers which are supposed to represent the policy of the PRESIDENT took pains on the eve of the State elections to produce an impression that fresh menaces had been recently addressed to Spain, and that naval preparations had been made to enforce the American demands. It was generally inferred in England, not that there was even a remote danger of war, but that the PRESIDENT thought threats of aggression likely to promote the Republican interest at the elections. It now appears from his official language that he is not prepared to recognize the belligerent rights of the Cuba insurgents; and his vague menaces of future interference are inconsistent with the rules by which he professes to be guided at present. The Spanish Government has judiciously conceded the claim of American citizens in Cuba to be defended by counsel when they have the misfortune to be tried by court-martial. If the telegraphic summary may be trusted, the PRESIDENT makes no other reference to foreign affairs; but little reliance can be placed on the accuracy or the judgment of the abbreviated report. The author of the telegram can scarcely have invented the PRESIDENT'S whimsical recommendation that an article on education should be added to the Constitution. He is said to propose that free schools should be established by Federal authority without restriction of sex or of colour, with a prohibition of "religious, atheistic, or pagan instruction." It is not known that the worship of JUPITER and APOLLO is taught in any American school; nor is open atheism approved by local communities in general, as the basis of instruction in elementary schools. It scarcely seems a proper object of a constitutional Government to meddle with any religious doctrine which may at present be taught; and it might be contended that the exclusion of theism and of more definite creeds tends in some degree to the propagation of atheism. The whole passage would be unintelligible if it were not explained by the PRESIDENT'S late attack on the Roman Catholics in his speech at St. Louis. The same objects of his conscientious disapproval or of his politic denunciation are apparently pointed at in the Message as professors of atheistic or pagan doctrines. General GRANT can scarcely expect that the Constitution will be altered to the detriment of an unpopular religious sect; but he perhaps thinks it expedient to advertise his own Protestant orthodoxy.

On the more practical question of the currency the PRESIDENT'S judgment is sound; and he has the advantage of being assisted by an able and upright SECRETARY of the TREASURY. Mr. BRISTOWE'S Report probably explains in

detail the measures by which he proposes to facilitate a return to specie payments. The recommendation that the Treasury should be authorized to increase the revenue for the purpose of accumulating gold must be inaccurately reported. No Government would ask, and no Legislature would grant, an indefinite power of taxation. The telegraphic correspondent has probably misrepresented, as a demand for unlimited powers, a proposal that Congress should once more impose taxes on tea and on some other foreign commodities. The financial recommendations of the Message, whatever may be their substance, will have little effect. The Senate, which agrees with the PRESIDENT in political opinion, cannot take the initiative in taxation, and the House of Representatives contains a Democratic majority of sixty or seventy. The last State elections have indeed greatly diminished the moral weight of the Democratic victory of 1874. The complicated machinery of the American Constitution, while it imposes wholesome checks on popular caprice, sometimes tends to produce a political dead-lock. Astronomers teach that the visible light of remote constellations represents their existence, not at the moment when they are seen, but as the rays were transmitted from their surface scores or hundreds of years ago. The interval of time since the Congress which now commences its sittings was elected by a Democratic majority is shorter, but, on the other hand, the changes of political opinion are more rapid than those of heavenly bodies. The Democratic light of 1874 is by this time partially extinct, yet the House of Representatives will for two years to come have the power of thwarting the policy of General GRANT or of his possible Republican successor. The Democrats may, perhaps, since their defeats in Pennsylvania and Ohio, have reconsidered their partial support of schemes for the debasement of the currency; but their representatives will certainly not adopt the PRESIDENT'S recommendation to deprive greenbacks of their quality as a legal tender. The taxation of tea and coffee would be consistent with the doctrine of Free-trade which has always been professed by a section of the party; but it may be confidently conjectured that neither Republicans nor Democrats will prepare for a trial of electoral strength by voting for new taxes in the present Session.

Although the House of Representatives will for legislative purposes be powerful only in obstruction, it is not impossible that they may have the opportunity of appointing a Democratic President, in default of a popular majority for any candidate. Both the great parties are divided among themselves, although it is of course possible that they may respectively agree to sink their national differences at the Presidential election. The Democrats have in some States pledged themselves to inflation of the currency; and yet their party in the Atlantic States and their most promising candidate are formally opposed to the financial heresies of the West. If the claims of the present Governor of New York are rejected, it may be doubted whether any other candidate will be supported by the most respectable members of the party. On the other hand, the ignorant masses regard Mr. TILDEN'S opinions on the currency as unduly favourable to the national creditor, and as interfering with the general diffusion of wealth. The elements of schism in the Republican ranks are not less abundant. The prejudice against a third term of office operates against the pretensions of General GRANT, whose countenance of the established practices of corruption is also distasteful to a section of the party. The PRESIDENT'S appointment of Mr. CHANDLER to the office of Secretary of the Interior is

justly considered as a proof that he has identified himself with the cause of the old-fashioned political managers and intriguers. The Liberal Republicans, of whom Mr. SCHURZ may perhaps be considered the leader, were baffled in their efforts at the last election to defeat General GRANT by the absurd selection of Mr. GREELEY as nominee. It is doubtful whether they will be induced to re-enter the Republican ranks, especially since the party has been further discredited by recent scandals. If the dissentients should resolve on supporting Mr. TILDEN, in recognition of his services to the cause of pure administration, their secession might perhaps decide the contest; but it must not be forgotten that at the autumn elections the Republicans attained great and unexpected success. There is no doubt that a large body of the best citizens would prefer honesty and good government to the interests of any faction; but it is difficult for a conscientious voter to choose between Grangers and advocates of inflation on one side and the CHANDLERS and BOUTWELLS on the other.

The City of New York continues to discharge its accustomed function of exhibiting the drunken Helot of corruption who ought to shame the nation into honesty. The latest party manoeuvres in the City present more than ordinarily revolting features. The Democratic Governor of the State has for many months displayed remarkable vigour in the discovery and prosecution of frauds which had been perpetrated in the administration of the State Canals. The Republican *New York Times*, which some years ago distinguished itself by the exposure of the still more atrocious frauds of the City Government, has systematically ridiculed and thwarted Mr. TILDEN's patriotic exertions. At the late elections it was found that the Republicans, of whom the *New York Times* is the organ, had allied themselves with one of the most discreditable sections of the Democrats, which acknowledges as its leader the notorious MORRISSEY, formerly a pugilist, and at one time a convict. With the aid of his Republican allies MORRISSEY wrested the control of the City democracy from one KELLY, an adventurer of the same class, and MORRISSEY himself is returned by a City constituency as Senator for the State of New York. It is not surprising that the occasion was regarded as favourable for the escape of TWEED from justice. After the questionable reversal of his sentence by the Court of Appeal, TWEED was arrested in one or more civil suits for the enormous sums which he had at different times embezzled. He lately obtained permission, probably with the connivance of the authorities, to visit his home in charge of two prison warders, who had undoubtedly been bribed to permit his escape. Having left his attendants in one of the rooms, he quietly disappeared; and he will probably await at liberty his future restoration to popularity and power. It is true that the Irish rabble which governs and plunders the City of New York is an exaggeration and caricature of American political society. The farmers and traders of the United States are probably superior in moral and intellectual qualities to the bulk of any other civilized community; but there, as elsewhere, the supremacy of numbers implies the control of affairs by a few of the worst and most corrupt politicians. TWEED and MORRISSEY, and the confederates of MORRISSEY, are more than a match for the owners of the vast wealth of the first city in the United States.

GERMANY.

A DOMESTIC affliction has befallen Prince BISMARCK which, amidst the sorrow it may cause him, will at least offer him the satisfaction of seeing once more how sincere is the interest taken by his countrymen in all the incidents of his personal history. His hold over Germany is unshaken, and he says and does what he pleases in his old familiar way. He has never been more himself than since his recent return to Berlin after his long absence through illness. He has met the German Parliament in a spirit of radiant good-humour, and began by announcing that he should take no offence if the opinions of the majority were adverse to some of the Ministerial proposals. It is completely to mistake the character of Prince BISMARCK when it is supposed that he always domineers, and forces his views by sheer bullying on all the world. No man is more ready to make concessions when he is indifferent to them, or to withdraw a proposal which he sees will not do. The history of his diplomatic career is the history of a man who has been on the whole pleasant to deal with except when he has been extremely unpleasant. So long as the domestic and foreign policy of Germany

is substantially his policy, and Germany is cut after the pattern he approves, he encounters a little harmless opposition with playful tolerance, and probably enjoys the sort of superiority which consists in being gracious in small matters. Perhaps he may regret that the German Parliament is not likely to accept a measure for extending to the whole of the Fatherland the iron system of repression by which he crushes the Prussian press. But if the inhabitants of the smaller States think that there should be some limits to the locking up of editors and printers, he is not going to squabble over so small a bone. He can always turn to foreign politics as a consolation. There he is supreme, and if he gratifies himself with a bit of high-handed dealing, there is no one to withstand him. Denmark, for example, is just the sort of little Power on which he can relieve his feelings if he happens to be annoyed. It is said—though in these days of false and foolish telegrams it is impossible to know how truly it is said—that Prince BISMARCK has just informed Denmark that Prussia is tired of the protracted negotiations about dividing North Sleswick, and in sheer weariness is going to end the controversy by keeping all North Sleswick for itself. No doubt the negotiations have been protracted; for during nine years Denmark has been engaged in asking that the engagements of Prussia might be fulfilled, and Prussia has been engaged in explaining that, as there was no one to see these engagements fulfilled, Denmark was only wasting time in asking for their fulfilment. When the plea on one side is a promise, and the reply on the other is that the person to benefit by the promise has got no friends, negotiations are apt to be protracted. That Denmark had no real chance of getting back any part of North Sleswick has long been obvious, and perhaps it is well that the unfortunate Danish inhabitants of the districts in question should be no longer kept in suspense as to their fate; but to end the whole matter by Prussia putting on an aggrieved air, and stating that it cannot be vexed any longer with the nuisance of Denmark always going on arguing about justice and promises, is a mode of doing business which seems entirely in Prince BISMARCK's style.

The chief controversy between the Ministry and the Parliament has been a financial one. The Ministry proposed to impose a new tax on Bourse transactions and to increase the tax on beer. The Parliament does not approve of these taxes, and Prince BISMARCK has intimated that, if the Parliament does not vote them, he shall receive its decision with equanimity. It was evident that he did not much care about this increase of revenue, when in advocating the Ministerial proposal he entered on a general comparison of the advantages of direct and indirect taxation, and stated that he thought that indirect taxes were the better. Theoretically, what he said was all very well, but practically it had nothing to do with the real question at issue. The Parliament objected to the new taxes, not because they were indirect, but because they were unnecessary. They were intended to make good a deficit which in the opinion of Parliament was wholly imaginary. The finance of the Empire is conducted on the curious old Prussian system, which is a relic of the times when every department of the State was managed like the estate of a very cautious and thrifty private owner. The basis of the system was to accumulate a secret hoard, so that the landlord who ordinarily walked about in an old coat and lived on turnips might on great occasions show himself capable of doing extraordinary things and in command of surprising resources. In compliance with these quaint Prussian traditions, the Ministry has now asked the German Parliament for an increased grant for the navy of 200,000*l.*, although it appears that the naval department has a secret hoard of upwards of two millions sterling. Naturally, this is an arrangement which does not suit the views of the Parliament. The control of Parliament over the national expenditure becomes illusory if new taxes are asked for when Parliament and the Ministry are on friendly terms, and, when a coolness arises, Parliament is set at defiance, because the departments can draw on their hoards for what they want. Nor is this all. The dispute has led to a subsidiary question in which many members take a keen interest. Even if more money were wanted, it might not be necessary to increase the Imperial taxation. The different States might be asked to increase the quota they pay into the Imperial Treasury. Prince BISMARCK seemed to assume that this quota was a fixed amount which could not be exceeded. This, however, was eagerly denied, and the strange spectacle was exhibited of the

representatives of different federated States being anxious that their own States should be taxed more heavily if money had to be found at all. There certainly are wheels within wheels in Federal as in other Governments. These representatives had their special ends to serve. They were thinking of their interests in their own little Parliaments. As things are at present, the Governments of their States have too comfortable an existence to suit the views of spirited opponents. They get the sums required without trouble and without discussion. But if they were obliged to increase their payments to the Imperial Treasury, they would be obliged to find the means of doing so. They would have to make proposals to their Parliaments, and their Parliamentary opponents would have an admirable opportunity of debate, and of forcing their easy-going rulers to listen to them. The old doctrines of constitutional history are thus reversed, and to be taxed becomes a privilege worth fighting for.

If, however, Prince BISMARCK is inclined to be very tolerant as to the mode in which the German Parliament may treat proposals with which he is only indirectly or in a very general way connected, he has got one proposal altogether his own on the acceptance of which he seems very much bent. It will seem to Englishmen one of the most grotesque proposals ever made by a statesman. It may briefly be described as a Bill for making punishable by criminal law all the things that Prince BISMARCK has ever disliked in Count ARNIM. There was no disguise about what Prince BISMARCK meant. He spoke with that excessive seriousness and unhesitating candour which he always exhibits when he has anything very much at heart. Supposing, he said, the Foreign Minister instructs an Ambassador to favour the idea that peace will be preserved, and this treacherous and unruly diplomatist, when the chances of war or peace are discussed in his presence, instead of smiling and bowing and looking as if he had just heard a fortune had been left him, chooses to shrug his shoulders, then, in the opinion of Prince BISMARCK, such a person ought not merely to be treated as unfit for his post, but ought to be regarded as a criminal, and fined and put in prison, and made an outcast from society. The same fate ought to befall a diplomatist who pretends to have influence at Court which he does not possess, or sends a communication to a newspaper and affects not to know who sent it. It is not a sufficient punishment, Prince BISMARCK said, merely to dismiss from the service a diplomatist guilty of acts so monstrous. An Ambassador may probably be a person of large private means, and will perhaps come and live in comfort and affluence next door to the Foreign Minister himself; or he will pose as a martyr, tell the story his own way, and perhaps try to make up a party strong enough to turn the Foreign Minister out of office. The police court is the only terror big enough to keep future ARNIMS in good order. There is something very comical in this construction of a general law to meet the circumstances of one case in the history of one Minister. Perhaps, as a means of pleasing Prince BISMARCK in a matter so very personal to himself, the German Parliament may pass the Bill. The number of persons whom it can affect is so very small that it may not seem likely to do much harm to pass it. But, if it is passed, the position of German diplomatists will be a very odd one. Other diplomatists will watch their proceedings with unfailing amusement when it is known that the wrong sort of grin may subject them to imprisonment, and that to take down the wrong lady may cost them several thousand thalers. The best thing a German Ambassador will be able to do is to take straight to his bed and lie there, as then he can confine himself to written communications, carefully kept within the limits of the exact words used by Prince BISMARCK in his despatches. The only thing is that he will very likely be liable to imprisonment for not getting up. His withdrawal from society might easily, for example, inspire erroneous apprehensions on such a subject as the state of Turkey; so, whatever he did, he would be always walking on hot ashes. However, Prince BISMARCK says that he will have his Bill, and that he does not see how his official existence would be endurable without it. The best thing, therefore, may be to let him have his way; but the powers he asks for are not likely to be given to any one else, and this remarkable addition to the criminal law can scarcely form a part of the permanent penal code.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE financial condition of the Suez Canal is, as might be expected, much better understood since general attention has been directed to the subject; but nothing has occurred to raise a doubt as to the expediency of the recent purchase. The most disquieting circumstance which has occurred is the assurance given by Lord DERBY to the French Ambassador of his readiness to place the Canal under the control of a European Board or Syndicate. It is not impossible that circumstances might render such an arrangement admissible; but there is no reason to surrender in a hurry pretensions which it might be hereafter convenient to enforce. The satisfaction which was generally felt and expressed on the first announcement of the purchase would have been largely qualified if it had been supposed that no separate or exclusive advantage could in any case accrue to England. There could indeed be no question of differential dues, or of any other mode of giving a preference to English commercial navigation; but the confidence reposed in Mr. DISRAELI was suddenly and largely increased on the assumption that he had secured the country against the transfer of the control of the Canal to any rival Power. Diplomatic timidity is sometimes the most dangerous form of rashness. Mr. GLADSTONE always seemed anxious to make foreign Powers understand that they could ask no concession which he would hesitate to grant; and the results were the inglorious Treaty of Washington and the mortifying abandonment of the Treaty of Paris. In refusing to join the Brussels Conference, and on some other occasions, Lord DERBY had seemed to appreciate the prudence of a bolder demeanour. In the present instance he can scarcely have seconded with sufficient energy the policy which is attributed to his chief. It would have been enough to explain to foreign Governments that the purchase had been deliberately adopted and finally completed, and that no encroachment would be made by the English Government on any public or private right. The privileges attached to the possession of two-fifths of the shares, and the consequent relation of the purchasing Government to the Canal Company and to the KHEDIVE, are properly reserved for future investigation and settlement.

The reproaches which have thus far been provoked by the transaction are neither general nor alarming. The newspaper organ of M. GAMBETTA, under cover of denunciations of English ambition, only directs an ordinary factious attack against the Duke DECAZES. No other French party appears to have even pretended that the purchase of the shares was a measure of which France had any reason to complain. One of those semi-official Russian journals which devote themselves to the cultivation of national animosity against England has urged against the purchase elaborate objections, which might perhaps be plausible if they were not founded on misconception or misrepresentation of the facts. The remark that the position of a great Power as a shareholder in a joint-stock undertaking is anomalous may perhaps be true; but any embarrassment which may result from the position will concern the English Government and the Company alone. The *Moscow Gazette* proceeds to complain that a territorial right has been acquired by purchase without consulting Governments which have an independent interest in the balance of power. The writer proceeds to ask, by way of illustration, whether England would recognize the purchase of Constantinople by Russia. The answer is that the English Government has only bought an easement, or a part of an easement, in property which still belongs to the KHEDIVE subject to the sovereign rights of the Porte. The Canal and its appendages are held by the Company as the London and North-Western Railway or the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway belong to their respective proprietors. The state of ownership is only so far affected by the purchase as to combine the proprietary rights of the English Government with political interests which had been long anterior to the purchase. The criticisms of the *Moscow Gazette* have little importance, except as far as they indicate the temper and policy of a section of political society in Russia. A professedly courteous and complimentary article on the same subject in the *St. Petersburg Golos* in substance resembles the invective of the *Moscow Gazette*. Both journals affect to believe that the Suez purchase is a commencement of the partition of Turkey; and both would be justified in their inference if they were also entitled to identify the policy of England

with the strange declamations of the *Times*. It is singularly unfortunate that the most powerful of English journals should have wantonly encouraged Russian aggression. There is reason to hope that the maintenance of the Canal and the freedom of transit may be permanently secured without any infringement of the KHEDEVE's independent authority. If the expectation should be disappointed, an English Minister who might fail to enforce English rights would deserve, and perhaps would incur, the obsolete penalties of impeachment. His intervention might be an act of war, or it might involve a possible risk of war; but it would be necessary and just, whether a part of the stock of the Canal Company were held by the English nation or by private shareholders. The advantage in this respect of the purchase is that it might tend to reconcile economical interests with political expediency, and that it serves as notice to the rest of the world that the safety of the Canal is not a matter of indifference to England. Time will show whether the effect of Mr. DISRAELI's bold policy has been impaired by Lord DERBY's unnecessary zeal for conciliation.

As a pecuniary speculation, the purchase neither involves a heavy sacrifice nor offers prospects of advantage which would in themselves have justified an exceptional investment of public money. If the interest at 5 per cent. is regularly paid, the English Treasury will gain for nineteen years about 60,000*l.* a year on the transaction. It is scarcely worth while to deal with Lord SANDHURST's alternative plan of converting a great political measure into a vulgar Stock Exchange operation by immediately re-selling the shares to M. DE LESSEPS, or any other purchaser, after cooking them up for the market by a guarantee which would of course increase their value. It is strange that even the author of the scheme should think it possible to secure the English ownership of the shares when they had once been alienated. In support of his project Lord SANDHURST mentions a probable report that Mr. GLADSTONE once refused an offer of an interest in the Canal on grounds of prudence. If the opportunity occurred, Mr. GLADSTONE's decision would not be doubtful. A measure which involved possible risk and which tended to the maintenance of national honour, while it required an immediate outlay of money, could by no possibility have approved itself to Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment. The statesman who lately deplored the colonization of New Zealand because it formerly cost England a considerable sum of money would probably have rather seen the Suez Canal in the possession of France than have postponed for a year the investment of a few millions in Terminable Annuities. It is extremely probable that the purchase may be less profitable than it appears on the face of the contract. If the financial difficulties of Egypt continue, it would not be sound policy to press too hardly on the KHEDEVE. One of the objects of the purchase was to mitigate his embarrassments, which are in some degree due to the oppressive and usurious proceedings of the Canal Company. Under pressure from the Imperial Government of France, the KHEDEVE was compelled to repurchase for large sums concessions which he had made gratuitously to the Company. Perhaps he may nevertheless have reason to congratulate himself that he has still a large stake in the undertaking in addition to his reversionary right to the whole.

Another drawback from the profits of the purchase may probably consist in the necessity of extensive repairs and enlargements. In some parts of the Canal the greatest depth is confined to a narrow central channel, so that an accident to a single vessel is liable to interrupt the entire trade. Eminent English engineers have often expressed a wish that the undertaking might pass into the hands of their countrymen, not on political grounds, but because the maintenance of the Canal can in their opinion only be insured by the resources and enterprise of English capitalists. It is of course possible that their judgment may have been biased by national prejudice; but they can scarcely have been mistaken in their opinion that the actual and prospective state of the Canal is unsatisfactory. If the purchase money produces no return before 1894, or even if the whole amount is finally sunk, the outlay may nevertheless have been advantageously incurred. Landowners and traders have often found their account in finding capital for a railway which may not have returned a dividend. The English Government owns two-fifths of the share capital of the Canal, but English subjects possess seven-tenths of the shipping which passes through it, and perhaps a still larger proportion of the freights. The value

of a certain passage for transports and ships of war is not to be estimated in money. Freedom of transit must have been maintained by diplomacy, and in extreme cases by force, if no pecuniary interest had been acquired in the Canal itself; but the right of passage over a highway becomes wholly or partially useless if the road itself is not kept in good repair. Whatever may be the voting power acquired by the purchase, there is no doubt that, as a part proprietor, the English Government will have the means of rendering the administration of the Canal efficient.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AT MANCHESTER.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER made a very good speech at Manchester, and he was quite right in saying nothing which was not perfectly familiar to every intelligent member of his audience. The Opposition for the time being enjoys at public meetings a legitimate advantage in the opportunity of censuring the errors which are from time to time committed by the Government or by the heads of departments. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could not, if he had wished, have retaliated on critics who have neither issued unwise Circulars nor meddled injudiciously or otherwise with the judgments of courts-martial. It was not to be expected that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would either voluntarily talk about fugitive slaves or anticipate Mr. ALGERNON EGERTON's loyal apology for the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY. He wisely disclaimed any purpose of attacking the Liberal party, which indeed has given no recent cause of offence. The Government was probably well pleased with Lord HARTINGTON's defence of established institutions, and in the present temper of the country it derives rather good than harm from Mr. FORSTER's multifarious projects of reform, and from Mr. LEATHAM's revolutionary aspirations. Mr. BIRLEY perhaps misapprehended the causes of the present ascendancy of Conservatism when he produced a bulky volume of statutes passed under the present dispensation, and contrasted them with a slenderer record of Mr. GLADSTONE's achievements. The Bills for the regulation of labour and for the security of Friendly Societies were laudable measures; but it is safer to boast of the quality than of the number of Government Bills. Innovation and change, though both operations are from time to time beneficial, are not the distinctive characteristics of Conservative policy. It was certainly not through errors of non-feasance that Mr. GLADSTONE lost the confidence of the country. If both Mr. FORSTER and Mr. LEATHAM had their way, Mr. BIRLEY would almost stagger under the load of Acts for the extension of the suffrage, for the redistribution of electoral districts, for the transfer of landed property from one class to another, and for the abolition of the Established Church. Another section of the Liberal party would perhaps occupy itself with the disruption of the Colonial Empire. It is to prevent all these things that the constituencies have placed the present Government in office. Since the date of Sir S. NORTHCOTE's speech the Government has received an unpleasant warning of the possible insecurity of its tenure. Mr. C. S. READ has resigned office on the ground that he had been censured for criticizing the administration of the Cattle Diseases Acts; and the Farmers' Club has hastily passed a resolution of want of confidence in that department.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, being neither Prime Minister nor Foreign Secretary, properly declined to anticipate the explanation of the Suez purchase which will necessarily be given to both Houses of Parliament. It was perhaps scarcely necessary that he should disclaim on behalf of the Government any intention of systematically speculating with public money. In his judgment the bargain with the KHEDEVE is likely to produce a moderate profit; but it was not for commercial or financial reasons that the arrangement was made. Foreign critics of the transaction may collect from Sir S. NORTHCOTE's measured phrases that, whether the purchasing Government has ten votes or a voice proportionate to its interest in the undertaking, it will find means to protect the right of transit, with which alone it is seriously concerned. It was probably for the satisfaction rather of foreigners than of his own countrymen that he dwelt on the anxiety of the English Government to secure to all other nations the same advantages which it claims for itself. The Republicans and ultra-Legitimists in the French Assembly who oppose the reform of the judicial system in Egypt because England has acquired a part of the Suez Canal shares

may perhaps be excused for cherishing a sentimental grievance which happens to serve party purposes. No affront has in fact been offered to France, nor has any injury been inflicted on any country. The clear and forcible statements of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER are literally true. England pursues her own interest in the well-founded conviction that the permanence of peace and the extension of commerce are beneficial to the rest of the world. Whatever may be the actual state of the army or the navy, Sir S. NORTHCOTE was right in saying that peace is best preserved by the strong man armed against aggression. The really pacific and unselfish character of English policy cannot be more conclusively proved than by the language of the press. Among many writers, of whom some are not conspicuous for wisdom, it would be impossible to find either an habitual promoter of discord among nations, or a professed enemy of any foreign country. If any popular feeling of national animosity existed, it would not be difficult for it to find expression.

It was already known that the financial prospects of the present year are but moderately satisfactory. The increase of revenue in the first quarter has not been maintained during the second; and probably the year will only justify the moderate estimates of last April. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER hopes to produce a Budget of average quality; but he will certainly not be able to propose any considerable reduction of taxes. It is happily no longer necessary to reduce or remove burdensome imposts, as in the days when Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE obtained their financial triumphs. An artificial impediment has been placed by Sir S. NORTHCOTE himself in the way of rapid remission of taxes. He adheres to the scheme which was approved by the House of Commons in spite of the vehement opposition of Mr. GLADSTONE and the sarcasms of Mr. LOWE. He will provide for the payment of interest to the full amount of 28,000,000*l.*, even when the actual charge of the Debt may be considerably smaller. Unfortunately but little impression will be made on the total amount during the present year; but it may be well to accustom a body so tenacious of habit as the House of Commons to a system which is more likely in every successive year to become permanent. Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps exaggerate the necessity of concealing from Parliament the existence of a Sinking Fund. Even the House of Commons may be credited to a certain extent with the possession of common sense and conscience. One of the heaviest taxes paid by the community has of late been reduced without the direct action of Parliament. It is remarkable that in a time of commercial and industrial stagnation the charge of the Poor Laws should have been perceptibly lightened. It is probable that greater stringency in the administration of the law may have produced a wholesome effect; but it is also well known that there is an active demand for labour, especially in rural districts. The great rise of wages which has taken place during five or six years has only been followed by reaction in branches of industry which are exceptionally depressed. Mechanics, artisans, and labourers are in most parts of the country scarce, and consequently they are highly paid.

In the absence of exciting topics it was natural that Sir S. NORTHCOTE should endeavour to brighten his address with an appropriate touch of local colouring. It fortunately happened that he could claim a connexion with the county of which Manchester is the manufacturing capital. The compliment which he paid to the Conservatism of Lancashire was fully deserved. It was in the very seat of the Corn Law agitation that the first symptom of reaction occurred, five-and-twenty years ago. The apparent cause of the revolt from the Liberal party was the arrogance of the Corn Law League, or rather of its Rump. Mr. CORBEN and his friends excusably exaggerated the power of the machinery which had been used in their decisive victory. For some years afterwards the managers of the League claimed under various titles the control of the elections, not only in the great Northern towns, but in the county divisions. At last they had the imprudence to announce that in future one member for South Lancashire should be returned by Liverpool and the other by Manchester. From that time the constituency rebelled against the dictation of the League; and it was found necessary to dissolve the organization, which had before changed its name. When Mr. GLADSTONE lost his seat for Oxford his great personal eminence secured him a seat for South Lancashire; but on the formation of his Government

he was rejected, because his Irish policy was unpopular. The people of Lancashire may or may not have been attached to Church Establishments, but they were prejudiced against the Irish immigrants who swarm in the manufacturing towns. The Conservative feeling of the county was still more strongly exhibited at the election of 1874. Sir S. NORTHCOTE's hearers were probably flattered by his recognition of their services and of their sound principles. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER himself, though he has long been a leading member of the Conservative body, is neither a partisan nor a reactionary politician. His financial education was derived from Mr. GLADSTONE, though the teacher sometimes criticizes the independent action of his former disciple. It is difficult to distinguish between the Liberal impetuosity of Lord HARTINGTON and the Conservative tenacity of Sir S. NORTHCOTE and Mr. CROSS. Nevertheless there is much advantage in the traditional division of politicians into two ostensibly hostile camps. Lord DEEBY committed an error when he entrusted a confidential mission to Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. GLADSTONE when he included Sir S. NORTHCOTE in the Washington Commission. In both instances important measures were secured against adverse criticism, which in both cases happened to be urgently needed. The front Opposition Bench discharges a useful function in watching the Government, and prudent Ministers are more careful when they act in the presence of professional opponents.

THE FRENCH SENATE.

THE French Assembly has been busy this week in electing the 75 life members whom it is to contribute to the new Senate. If those doubts of the value of the result which suggest themselves to outsiders had been shared by the deputies, they might hardly have thought it worth while to walk up to the ballot-box. It is true that 75 Senators are a considerable fraction of 300, and the idea of the majority in the Assembly probably is that this contingent will be able to hold the balance between opposing parties in the Senate, and decide the issue as it pleases them. Even on the assumption that France is largely Republican, the Right may hope that the system of indirect election will at all events secure a minority among the elected members large enough to be turned into a majority by the aid of the 75 Immutables. That this expectation may be justified when the Senate first gets to work is quite possible; but those who expect to gain by its realization will probably be found to have overrated the value of a life element in a body principally recruited by popular election. When a Second Chamber does not profess to be elective, its decisions have a chance of being judged on their merits. But when a Second Chamber rests its claim to respect on the fact that it represents the opinion of the nation equally with the First Chamber, and only differs from the First Chamber in ascertaining that opinion with greater deliberation and certainty, a feeling of impatience is sure to grow up if the vote of the representative majority is constantly overruled by the votes of men who represent nothing except the passions of an Assembly which has passed out of existence. The presence of such an element in the new Senate will be a constant challenge to the popular party to increase their efforts in the constituencies, and the fact that the minority relies on the support of the life Senators will certainly be an effective weapon in the hands of a majority which can boast its own readiness to abide by the issue of the elections. If the life Senators are prudent and conciliatory, the ill consequences that might easily arise from this state of things will be averted by concession and compromise. If they are determined to make full use of their technical powers, and by that means to reduce the new Legislature to the level, in point of sterility, of the old Assembly, it will be a sharp trial for the Constitution of February.

The Right have not been troubled by any fears of this kind. They have argued that one-half of the legislative power under the new Constitution is vested in the Senate, and that the right of electing 75 Senators consequently gives the present Assembly the control of one-eighth part of that power. What would it have availed them to be a majority in the present Assembly if they had allowed this opportunity to go unimproved? Sentimentalists may talk of the importance of making the Senate an assembly of notables; practical politicians prefer to make it an assembly of men who will vote straight.

Accordingly, when the delegates of the Right met to construct their list of candidates, their first act was to reject a proposal to include in it eminent persons not in the Assembly. The next step was to ascertain how many votes they could count upon. The several groups of which the Right is composed, without reckoning the avowed Bonapartists, were estimated to include 352 deputies. The delegates then had to determine how many candidates should be brought forward. If all their friends were true to their colours, the Right would be able to fill all the 75 seats, and it was at first proposed to take this expectation as the basis of the arrangement, and to bring forward candidates in the proportion of one to every five deputies represented. The objection to this policy was that the outlying members of the Right, especially the LAVERGNE group, which holds an intermediate place between the Right and Left, could not be expected to vote for every candidate unless some place was found for the Left Centre. This was a painful necessity, but then the whole Parliamentary career of the Right has been one of submission to painful necessities. Still this was in some respects the bitterest concession that could have been demanded from them. Hitherto the Right have been forced from time to time to accept a policy they disliked. On this occasion they had to accept men they disliked, and every politician knows by how much this is the worse alternative of the two. It would have been more endurable even if the men to be included had belonged to any other fraction of the Left. There is no variety of Liberal so hateful to any man with the true spirit of the Right in him as the Liberals of the Left Centre. They are to the genuine Conservatives what the moderate drinker is to the total abstainer. We know how tenderly the latter regards the inveterate drunkard in comparison with the criminal who drinks three or four glasses of wine every day with his dinner; and to have had a hand in founding and working the present French Constitution is a worse sin in the eyes of the Right than to have denounced it as a surrender of Republican principles. Unfortunately nothing would have been gained by making advances to M. NAQUET or M. LOUIS BLANC, so the Right consented to swallow the Left Centre and to allot it no fewer than 13 seats out of 75. It must have been some consolation to their lacerated feelings to have had the opportunity of insulting the Left Centre at the same time that they assigned them a place on their list. The members of all the other groups represented were allowed to choose their own candidates; but the candidates of the Left Centre were chosen for them. It must have been inexpressibly soothing to the Right thus to prove to the Left Centre that, though obliged from political exigencies to recognize their presence in the Assembly, they could not trust them to say by whom they would like to be represented in the Senate. These are the little incidents that save the life of the Right from being altogether one of self-sacrifice. They never get their own way for long, but they have occasional opportunities of flouting those who deny it them.

The voting of Thursday seems to show that all this painful preparation might have been spared. It would all have been in place if the life Senators were elected by open voting. In that case the decisions arrived at by the delegates of the several groups would have been respected by the deputies they represented, and there would have been no reconstruction of lists to suit the private fancies of the particular deputy voting. The introduction of secret voting changes all this. The preparation of the list of candidates afforded a beautiful spectacle of unity, for the simple reason that every one who assisted in it knew that he would still be free to vote for as few or as many of the candidates as he liked. The result of the first ballot therefore was that out of seventy-five candidates two were chosen—the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER, who appeared on the list of the Left as well as on that of the Right, and obtained 551 votes, and M. MARTEL, who appears to have been elected by the united vote of the Left. Every other name came short by a greater or less interval of the 345 votes which are required for election. The *Times*' Correspondent mentions various guesses that have been hazarded as to the causes of this failure in particular cases. The DE CLERCQ group, which stands between the Right and the Bonapartists, and the group of the Appeal to the People, are assumed not to have voted for the candidates of the Right Centre. The Right Centre are assumed not to have voted for the Bonapartists or for the Extreme Legitimists. Particular candidates were specially

obnoxious no doubt to particular deputies. It remains to be seen how far these divisions will disappear as the list of candidates grows slowly smaller. It is probable, however, that the actual composition of the life element in the Senate will be in many respects better than might have been expected from the temper in which the list of candidates has been made up. The Right Centre is exceedingly faulty as a Parliamentary organization, but it atones in some measure for its sins by cherishing two hearty political hatreds. The division between it and the Extreme Legitimists, and still more between it and the Bonapartists, grows steadily wider, and the split which has shown itself in the election of life Senators may be equally marked in the election of deputies. The transactions with the Bonapartists have been so numerous and so shameless during the life of the present Assembly that it is encouraging to find them repudiated, if it is only under the shelter of the ballot-box.

THE PRESS ON ARMY MOBILIZATION.

THE scheme prepared by Sir CHARLES ELLICE and his assistants for the distribution of our land forces in time of war has now been before the public for a full week, and has been freely examined; and there is beyond doubt a general agreement of opinion that to have put such a scheme into systematic form, albeit only on paper, is a very real step in advance. The general indifference as to the army which Mr. HOLMS laments can hardly be said to exist when so much is written and read upon the subject. Unfortunately, with the praise bestowed on what has been done, there is a dangerous tendency to exaggerate its extent, and to assume that suggestions are not merely made and approved, but actually carried into practical effect. This is notably the case with some of the *Times*' articles on the official project. If these were designed for effect abroad, and if foreigners had no means of knowing better, there might be some use in talking of our "placing in the field 290,000 men for the defence of the country at a few hours' notice"; these being the numbers which the *Times* adopts, presumably because our eight Army Corps would actually reach that amount if every one were made up completely according to the normal standard (it would be more correct to say the paper sketch) which the Horse Guards proposes to aim at, for nothing like such a Corps has ever yet been formed of British troops. But Germans, not to speak of Frenchmen, know us better than to take literally what the *Times* says of our numbers. As a critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and others have pointed out, all calculations are unsound which count 30,000 reserve militiamen, for instance, as efficient units both of the Militia and of the army at the same time. Such a mode of reckoning—and even if it were permitted to be used here, as it has been too often, the 290,000 men of the *Times* could not be made up—would be hardly a more trustworthy device than the painted dummies in a Chinese battery.

One of the best informed writers on the scheme has criticized it in the *Standard*. But, though far nearer to the truth than his rival in the *Times*, he errs almost as much in the opposite direction of severity. It is not fair to suggest that, because the project has been launched before our reserves are complete, therefore nothing will ever be done to fill it up. So far from this being actually the case, the truth is that there has long been hanging over the War Office authorities a heavy responsibility for not shaping some such scheme before. In order to obtain efficient home defence, the first step is to put before the country in a simple shape the leading conditions which it requires. The first thing to be done towards breaking down the superstition, firmly lodged in high quarters, that nothing is wanted but an addition to the number of bayonets constantly paraded in the ranks, is to show in a plain, popular form how important it is to have ready for war those other requirements of a complete army which are so much more difficult to improvise than infantry soldiers. Once get this fairly admitted, and add the means of forming a genuine and powerful Reserve to fill up the ranks, and then all the foolish gossip about attenuated battalions which thwarts genuine reform would be banished from the discussion; nor would there be any need to consider the question of a conscription, as it would be obviously superfluous if the nation could be brought to see that an effective and sufficient Reserve is to be got for the Line readily enough by paying for it, and

that the price need not be extravagant. As the Duke of CAMBRIDGE said on Thursday night, the heads of the army ask for more money only to get money's worth.

To return to the question of the numbers at present available. A brief review of our resources as they would actually stand when distributed over the eight Army Corps is necessary in order to dispose of this myth of the 290,000 men. Taking the infantry first, and purposely using maximum numbers throughout, we find that we have barely 55,000 bayonets in all, to be raised possibly by Army Reserve men to 60,000. Add 30,000 Militia Reserve to be turned over to the Line, and the latter might become 90,000. But this process will of course reduce the Militia, now not 90,000 in all, to less than 60,000; 20,000 of these again, including all the Militia artillery, are to be reserved for the garrisons, with certainly not less than 10,000 of the Line—thus bringing the total bayonets of the Field Army to about 120,000 at the outside, composed of about 50,000 regulars with 30,000 Militia Reserve mixed with them, and 40,000 men in Militia battalions. Adding, on a liberal estimate, 12,000 regular cavalry, as many Yeomanry (and for any prolonged duty it would be hard to find these), 20,000 Field Artillery, and 6,000 Engineers and Train, the very utmost that our present means would give us for the field comes to 170,000 in all; and therefore the Army Corps which the Horse Guards wishes to make 36,000 would turn out but little over 21,000 men of every arm. But it may be said that even 170,000 men of English blood, trained to the use of arms and concentrated to resist an invader of their homes, would be a formidable force enough for the work. The reply is, that, in the first place, it is not to be hoped that we could concentrate the whole number to defend even the direct approaches to London. Our intelligence from abroad could never be so early and so trustworthy as to give us the necessary time for bringing up the Irish and Scotch corps. The other six corps, supposing the North of England to be wholly stripped, would be the very largest united army we could reckon on placing between the enemy and the capital; and the 120,000 men thus supposed to be brought into line are to be made up of contingents in which just two-thirds of the eighteen divisions of infantry—the troops on whom the shock of battle would mainly fall—would be composed of raw Militia regiments, weakened by the sudden loss of a large part of their best rank and file. We are not stating these things as alarmists; but it is necessary, after what has been mistakenly written, that the truth should be clearly understood. Once let it be known, the remedy is hardly less plain. The regular battalions at home may be kept as weak with the colours as you please; but it is absolutely essential for the national security that they should have an ample Reserve, and that this Reserve should not depend in any way on, much less be directly deducted from, the Militia battalions, which for all home purposes should be treated, as far as possible, as part of the Line in which they will have to take their places.

That we have field batteries for only half the corps, and an even smaller proportion of Engineers, appears to have struck every critic who has approached the subject. It remains, therefore, to suggest some means of meeting these acknowledged wants, which happily are no longer hid from the public view. The two deficiencies in question are separate subjects, and should be viewed apart from one another.

A proper supply of field guns for a mobilized army cannot be maintained on our present system, which is to keep every battery so nearly at a war strength that it takes a practised artilleryman to discern the difference. Cavalry indeed ought not to be much reduced in time of peace, if it is to be ready for war; thus much Continental experience plainly tells us. But it tells us quite as plainly that Artillery may be so reduced. The Germans surely know the use and value of field guns as well as any other nation, to say the least of it; and yet they deliberately keep their peace battery a mere skeleton, turning it out with a less number of guns than in war, and dispensing entirely with its proper waggon train. Something of this model must be adopted by ourselves, the present field batteries being increased largely in number, for which end they should be redistributed and subdivided. Of course each battery must have its supply of extra guns and carriages near at hand, and extra gunners trained for field purposes, as reserve men, or with the Militia Artillery. But our fault in this matter, which is due to just the same weakness for show that

murmurs at peace battalions for being attenuated, should be boldly faced by those authorities who are equally above both battalions and batteries.

The Engineers form an easier matter to deal with. A field Engineer company or bridge train consists of three distinct parts—the material, the men, and the officers; for the latter, in this particular arm of the service, are rather attached to the privates than part of the same body, and in peace time are largely employed on separate duties. It is not disputed that we have Engineer officers on our lists enough for the Field Army, but the material and the men have certainly to be in great part created. The question of material is one of a moderate money expenditure at the first, with a trifling annual grant for maintenance. The men of course cannot be got quite so easily; but even here there is no real difficulty. Regular Sappers once trained are artisans in the service of the country, and save much civil labour. Indeed it has been held by some that they more than pay their own maintenance in the difference of wages. Probably a moderate addition to the rank and file of the corps for the more technical duties, and the creation of a few local regiments of Militia Engineers, would not be so expensive or troublesome a matter as to stand in the way of completing the War Office scheme. It is not necessary to speak at length of the branch hitherto left out of view, the Military Train. Important as it is in time of war, its maintenance as a peace arm is avowedly on the Continent only a question of keeping up efficient cadres. Horses for mere draught can be hired or pressed on an emergency, and there is no reason whatever why the useful reserve system should not be applied in a specially large proportion to this body as regards the men.

Summing up, therefore, the deficiencies required to be made good before the War Office ideal of the Field Army can be realized, it appears that the country needs the Militia to be raised to its full establishment—that is, 30,000 above the present strength—and an addition made of twice as many men to the reserve lists of the regular arms. A reconstruction of the Field Artillery, so as to give more numerous, but smaller and cheaper peace batteries, with the means of filling them up, is the next pressing want. Add some regular companies of Engineers, with some Militia of the same arm, and see that the cadres and material of the trains of all the corps are efficient, and the task suggested by the published scheme would be fairly accomplished. Meanwhile, criticism of minor details may be useful, but it does not greatly aid the solution of those larger problems on the working out of which the value of the design really depends. Efficient administration, acting with more local power and less of the clerical agency of Pall Mall, would do the rest, and would leave us impregnable against the most dangerous coalition which can be regarded as within the range of possibility. On the other hand, the suggestions even of professed admirers of the scheme may be hurtful in the extreme if they take the direction of the advice given in one of the latest articles in the *Times*, which is that the Horse Guards should ignore its own proposals altogether, if called on to send troops abroad for a military object. To prepare carefully a plan which shall provide us with a first and second Army Corps always ready at call for foreign service, and then throw it aside directly the call for service came, would be folly greater than to go on maintaining an army without any preparation at all for its use in war.

FRANCE AND EGYPT.

THE French Assembly has in the last few days had before it a subject which greatly interests some Frenchmen, and which, under other circumstances, might have provoked a serious and animated debate. But, as it happened, the members of the Assembly have this week been absorbed in very exciting intrigues for the purpose of keeping each other out of the new Senate, and have had neither time nor thought left for the question of the adherence of France to the new system of judicature in Egypt. Duke DECAZES does not pretend to be pleased with the proposed arrangement. It is not popular with the French in Egypt, and those Frenchmen in France who have business relations with Egypt are much divided in their opinions as to its merits. But the Foreign Minister found his hand forced. The exercise of their functions by the new tribunals has been delayed until the

beginning of next year in order to allow time for the French Assembly to pass a Bill sanctioning the adhesion of France to the new scheme for administering justice; and Duke DECAZES had merely the choice between bringing in and carrying such a Bill, or seeing France left out in the cold, and a scheme put into operation from which she had chosen to exclude herself. He chose to bring in his Bill, and it was in due course referred to a Commission, which reported adversely to it, and the reporter, M. ROUVIER, made a very long speech to the Assembly in defence of the views of the Commission. His opposition was based on two grounds. In the first place, he thought that the new tribunals offered a very poor security for the proper administration of justice. A large part, though not the majority, of the judges are to be natives, and M. ROUVIER asserted in a wholesale sweeping way that all native judges are to be bought. It was not difficult for him to collect stories showing that Mahomedan judges both in Turkey and in Egypt are often corrupt, and almost always ignorant and prejudiced. But one of the chief objects of the VICEROY in asking for the establishment of the new tribunals was the improvement of the native judges. If they are to be kept from receiving bribes, how can they be better taught this strange lesson than by being forced to associate with colleagues who are themselves above suspicion, and who would denounce in a moment any corruption which they suspected in others? If the native judges are to learn something of European law, and get out of the narrow grooves of Mahomedan thought, what better way of teaching them could be found than to place them on tribunals where they will have as colleagues lawyers from all the chief European States, and where the proceedings will be, as far as possible, conducted in the language and framed on the rules of French law? It is true that M. ROUVIER was not obliged to look at the question from this point of view. It was no gain to him that native judges should be made honest and learned. He was thinking, not of Egypt, but of France. It is impossible, however, to carry out consistently such a view. In things Egyptian Egypt must be considered. The existing consular jurisdiction has been established and maintained because the European nations did not believe that Europeans could be safely left to the jurisdiction of corrupt and ignorant Mahomedans. Directly a Power treated in this exceptional way offers to provide a judicial system free from reasonable objections, it may fairly ask to have this system tried. The only question left is whether the judicial system proposed is free from reasonable objection. That is necessarily a matter of opinion; but when every other of the great nations is satisfied, it is very difficult for France to dissent on such a general ground as that native judges have not hitherto been all that could be wished.

The other ground on which M. ROUVIER based his opposition was, no doubt, a strong one when the argument drawn from it was addressed to a French audience. The history of the negotiations which have preceded the final step now taken by Duke DECAZES is a painful history for Frenchmen to hear. It tells only too plainly of the decline of French influence, and of the loss of the commanding position which France not many years ago occupied in Europe. The subject of a change in the system of the capitulations or treaties under which Europeans are exempted from Mahomedan jurisdiction was first broached by Turkey in the conferences that followed the conclusion of the Crimean war. A general and very vague assent to the proposition that some day, if something feasible were suggested, it would be taken into consideration, was all that Turkey then obtained. Egypt, however, went to work for itself, and France, which was then the protector of Egypt, gave a gentle encouragement to the proposals of its client. A coolness, however, ensued when the French Foreign Minister discovered that the VICEROY's agent was spending large sums in trying to commend the VICEROY's views to the favourable notice of other nations; and France snubbed all schemes for reforming the administration of justice in Egypt, until all of a sudden, just before the fall of the Empire, M. OLLIVIER, in his light-hearted way, turned round and pledged France to concur in a scheme, if one thought generally satisfactory could be framed. Nothing could be done in the matter during the German war or for some time after it. But directly the VICEROY thought he could move, he did so, and he went on the simple plan of getting the other Powers to agree to his proposals, and leaving France out of consideration. Since he has held office, Duke DECAZES has worked hard to get

the scheme modified in some important particulars, so as to suit his views of what the interests of France demand. Last summer he did succeed in getting the Egyptian Minister to agree that new taxes in Egypt to which France did not assent should not be recovered against French subjects by any process of the new tribunals. But the VICEROY immediately intervened, and revoked the decision of his Minister, and ordered his despatch to be considered as of no effect. On one or two minor points the VICEROY did give in, but M. ROUVIER appears to be right in saying that these concessions are to a great extent illusory. There can be no doubt that, if the strength of the Second Empire had remained unbroken, the VICEROY would have written in a very different tone. He now plainly intimates that he looks on the French as people with whose support he can dispense, and whose power he does not fear. It is not surprising that private persons like M. ROUVIER, who are full of national pride and have no official responsibility, should feel pained and indignant at the air of easy confidence with which the remonstrances of France are now treated by Egypt. M. ROUVIER even went so far as to say that it would be an excellent opportunity to retort on England for the purchase of the Canal shares, and to show that France was not in its own peculiar land of Egypt going to take a secondary position. He advocated the rejection of the Bill as a safe and pleasant mode of proving that France was once more herself.

But Duke DECAZES happens to be responsible. He cannot afford to indulge in outbursts of national pride, but has to pursue a policy in harmony with the position in which he practically finds himself. He has been hitherto one of the most successful Foreign Ministers that France has possessed, and he has been successful principally because he has forborne to give or to take offence, and has striven to knit together the ties which bind France to her neighbours. A piece of spirited foreign policy which led to nothing, and merely separated France from Europe, would be quite out of the line which he has wisely marked out for himself. He has carefully to consider what would be the practical effect of France declining to join in the establishment of the new Egyptian tribunals. It is easy to see that, if their country alone stood aloof, Frenchmen in Egypt would encounter many more embarrassments than they would escape. If there were nothing but litigation between two Frenchmen to be taken into account, there would be no difficulty. The French Consul would decide between them; but many other cases would arise, and how would they be dealt with? If a Frenchman had a suit against a European of any other nation, or against an Egyptian, he must address himself to the new tribunals. He would have no choice; there would be no other tribunals to which he could go. Hitherto, if a Frenchman has wished to sue a European of another nation, he has been able to apply to the Consul of the nation to which the defendant belonged. This is not in itself a very satisfactory remedy, for there are seventeen Consular authorities in Egypt, each administering its own system of law. But now the Consuls of the Powers that have concurred in establishing the new tribunals will no longer administer justice. They will send applicants for justice to the new tribunals. It is also unavoidable that many of the contests of Frenchmen should be with natives. Hitherto things have gone on, probably, in a way tolerably satisfactory to Frenchmen; but in a country like Egypt the real security for something like justice being obtained from native tribunals on the old pattern has lain in the power of an aggrieved Frenchman to get the support of his Government, and to have things so arranged that he has not much suffered. The VICEROY, as the client of France, was not likely to let a Frenchman be robbed with too much of barefaced iniquity. But now the VICEROY will naturally say that he has set up tribunals which will do justice to all the world, and that Frenchmen must go to them like other people. It is true that where a Frenchman was defendant he could claim to be heard by his Consul. But this would only lead to Egyptian business falling out of French hands. People would bargain with those who would accept a common jurisdiction, and not with those who had a little system of their own. It is not therefore surprising that Duke DECAZES should have come to the conclusion that he has really no choice, and that, whatever humiliation he may have to swallow, he had better take what he can get, rather than create for his countrymen in Egypt a new, difficult, and untenable position.

THE MISTLETOE INQUEST.

WHATEVER else may be thought of the course of inquiry with regard to the collision in the Solent, it cannot be said to exhibit the system of coroners' juries in a very satisfactory light. Of two juries which have sat upon this case, one was able to arrive at a decision only by discarding logic, and combining a verdict of "Accidental Death" with a statement of reasons for believing that the accident must have been caused by recklessness and neglect. The other jury has failed, even with the assistance of a Judge, to agree upon any verdict at all. It may be admitted that an inquest is a necessary and useful method of making a preliminary inquiry as to facts while evidence is fresh and accessible; but the conclusions of a jury are seldom of much value. Coroners have usually a very imperfect conception of judicial procedure, and jurors are apt to display a want of intelligence. It appears that when the Gosport Coroner, on the jurymen being unable to agree, bound them over to appear at the Assizes, he did so on the authority of an old precedent recorded by JERVIS. A coach and horses beat down a post which had been stuck in the ground, which post struck a man so that he thereupon died; and the coroner's jury could only find "that the post moved to his death." That, as Baron BRAMWELL remarked, was a very silly jury, and a very perverse one, because it was evident that, whatever might have been the cause of the man's death, it could not have been caused by an inanimate object. The Coroner carried the jurymen about the county as a punishment for their stupidity, but could make nothing of them, and he was so ashamed of the verdict that he was afraid to present it. At length he consulted the Court of Queen's Bench on the subject, and the Chief Justice told him that, instead of coming there, he ought to have taken the jury to the Judge at Assizes, but that the Court would not hold him responsible for the ridiculous verdict of the jury. Baron BRAMWELL would not say that this precedent was not a sufficient justification in bringing the Gosport jury to the Assizes, but he hoped that such a reference would not occur again. It may be presumed that henceforth the rule will be that, if a coroner's jury cannot agree, it must just be discharged. The jury in this instance might no doubt have returned a formal verdict which would not have committed it to a definite opinion on the case, but it was more honest to confess a disagreement. Whatever verdict might have been given would have mattered very little. The jurors had not, as a body, the technical knowledge of navigation requisite to form an authoritative opinion, no independent experts were examined at the inquiry, and neither the Coroner nor the Judge was capable of supplying the deficiency. It is obvious, therefore, that whatever might have been the verdict of this jury, it would not have supplied what is wanted—a decisive judgment by a competent tribunal as to what are the rules of the road at sea which navigators are bound to observe, and whether or not they were observed in this case.

It is very easy, as Baron BRAMWELL said, to be wise after the event, and to see then clearly enough what ought or ought not to have been done. But it is also not impossible to be wise, up to a certain point, before the event, and to have a distinct idea of what prudence reasonably requires as conditions of safety. And the question, which is now at issue is whether these conditions were adequately observed by the officer in charge of the Royal yacht. This is a question which is all the more important because it involves the safety, not merely of the public, but of the QUEEN. As it happened, the collision proved fatal only to some of those on board the *Mistletoe*, but it should not be overlooked that it might have had other consequences, and in any case a grave doubt arises whether sufficient care and caution were exercised in the conveyance of the Sovereign. And here we may be allowed to say that there cannot be any greater misconception of public feeling on this subject than the supposition that it arises from any feeling of jealousy against what the Judge called "persons in high place," or any desire to restrict the QUEEN's freedom of action. It is obvious that in such a case the responsibility of what is done rests exclusively upon the advisers of HER MAJESTY, just the same as in political or other matters; and if it is thought that any error has been committed, it ought to be candidly pointed out. Baron BRAMWELL observed very truly that some of the expressions used by the officers of the *Alberta* in their

evidence "conveyed erroneous notions of duty," inasmuch as "they had no right to steam at any rate they liked" because HER MAJESTY was on board; or at a rate which "would be dangerous if it were the case of the commonest steamer with the most worthless cargo on board." Nothing can be more natural or legitimate than that the QUEEN should desire, as undoubtedly most of her subjects do, to travel as quickly as possible, especially as in her case the convenience of a vast number of people throughout the country is dependent upon her doing so; but "as quickly as possible" cannot be suffered to imply without regard to safety. Nobody, of course, supposes either that the *Mistletoe* wanted to be run down, or that the *Alberta* had any malicious feeling towards the *Mistletoe*. The only question is, whether the Royal yacht was managed with reasonable prudence and care.

A good deal of nonsense has no doubt been talked and written about the excessive speed of the *Alberta*. Seventeen miles an hour is not, with proper care and in clear weather, an excessive speed; and the Judge was quite right in saying that it is frequently maintained by steamers on the Thames. But then steamers on the Thames do not insist upon the right of going straight ahead irrespectively of other craft. What seems to have been dangerous in the case of the *Alberta* was not high speed in itself, but high speed coupled with an imperfect look-out. It is admitted that there was no watch in the bows of the *Alberta*. Captain WELCH did all the watching himself, and under what circumstances? He was posted on the steering-bridge, where it was impossible that he could have a complete view on all sides. There was a funnel and a shelter-house which partially obstructed his view, and he had to keep moving from side to side in order to see what was going on. Other officers were present on this bridge, and it seems to have been also open to idle members of the Royal suite who wanted a blow or a chat. An officer who undertakes to keep a look-out without assistance, under such circumstances, is placed in a very serious position, and we will take Captain WELCH's own account of the manner in which he discharged this duty. Before he observed the *Mistletoe* two other yachts had come close to the *Alberta*, and each had then gone parallel with her. When he first saw the *Mistletoe* he made up his mind to pass astern, but she seemed to him to be going away, and "as he took it for granted that she would remain on the course on which she was going, he went to the other side of the bridge to look after other vessels"; and it was not until the *Mistletoe* was almost across the bows of his vessel that he again observed her. Captain WELCH says he saw her at the very moment when the Quartermaster tapped him on the shoulder; but, however that may be, it was too late. The vessels were then only some seventy or eighty yards apart, and the collision happened in three seconds. It may be assumed that, if the *Alberta* had either slightly slackened speed or given way just a little when the *Mistletoe* was first noticed, or had kept up a steady and continuous look-out, the accident would have been averted. The inference would seem to be that Captain WELCH was content with his theory of the probable course of the yacht, instead of trusting to observation of her actual course, and that he forgot or disregarded the rule which directs a steamer to give way to a sailing vessel. It is possible that at the last the *Mistletoe* may have made some mistake, but the vessels had already got into perilous relations with each other; and it would appear that this was the fault of the steamer, which, as being superior to the other in size, speed, and more perfect command of herself, ought, not merely because the law so directs, but, to use the Judge's phrase, from motives of common sense and humanity, to have left a safe margin for the slower and weaker vessel.

It may be difficult to say whether Captain WELCH's apparent self-sufficiency and neglect of such a precaution as a watch in the bows would justify a verdict of manslaughter, but there ought surely to be no doubt as to whether such practices are consistent with that careful and efficient seamanship which is expected from officers of the Royal Navy. And this is the question which still requires to be authoritatively settled. In justice to the Commander of the *Alberta*, if for no other reason, he should have been allowed to defend himself before a professional court in which both he and the public could not fail to have confidence. When it is suggested that all vessels are bound, as a matter of course, to get out of the way of the Royal yacht, it may be remarked that this is a rule which should be very

distinctly promulgated before it is held to be in force; and it may also be well to consider whether it is on all occasions practicable. It appears, in this instance, that the people on board the *Mistletoe* had no idea that the *Alberta* was to be out that day until she was close upon them; the yacht was then going at a very slow pace on account of a light wind, and the steamer was bearing down on her at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. It might at any time happen that a foreign yacht, or an English yacht from outside the Solent, might come in when the Royal yacht was about to cross, without being aware either of the intention or of the regulation to get out of the way, and a possibility of accident would thus be created which would be equally dangerous to all concerned. It is clear that the Admiralty ought not to leave such questions in suspense.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE GREAT CHARTER.

THE strivings of the Ultramontane party to make a lodgment for themselves in the stubborn fortress of English history are sometimes amusing, sometimes provoking. Still they have their creditable side. When the enemy attacks a position, it is the best of all witnesses to the importance of that position. When we see the modern Roman party try to make out that mediæval English history tells for them, it is a witness to the value of mediæval English history. We are provoked, though we laugh through our provocation, at some desperate attempt to take some of the worthies of England and make out that they were humble slaves of Rome—to take men whose language towards Roman encroachments might not displease Mr. Whalley, and claim them as supporters of those trumped up dogmas of yesterday which assuredly they never heard of. We have seen this trick played on St. Thomas and St. Edmund; some day perhaps we may see it played on Robert Grosseteste and on Matthew Paris himself, and the "*Romanorum malleus et contempтор*" may be made to figure as a votary of the abuses which he withstood. The fallacy is one which we have to fight against in endless forms, the fallacy of identifying the ancient Church of England, or any other of the national Churches of Christendom, with the system which was first put into shape at the Council of Trent, and which has reached its monstrous climax in our own day. It is indeed a strange sight to see votaries of Roman infallibility claiming as their own the men who had the strongest proofs, and who made the strongest assertions, of Roman fallibility. Yet, after all, we can feel some little sympathy with men who must find themselves, in the phrase of the days of which we speak, "*in arcto positos*." Here we have before us, in the present number of the *Contemporary Review*, a writing of Cardinal Manning himself; it is the writing of a man who once was an Englishman, and who would gladly be an Englishman still, if he could reconcile the character of an Englishman with the system to the support of which he has bound himself. The old-fashioned Roman Catholic had no great difficulty in this; Berington, Oliver, Lingard, had not burdened their souls with the inventions of the new generation. Their position was not indeed so free as that of the men before the Council of Trent; but it was surely not further removed from it than the new position is from theirs. Lingard is certainly not Matthew Paris; but it is just as certain that Cardinal Manning is not Lingard. The Cardinal, trying to reconcile his older and his later characters, naturally finds several stumbling-blocks. There is the fact with which his party had been so long struggling, the fact that the best worthies of England, zealous churchmen many of them, canonized saints some of them, were still distinct opponents of Roman encroachments. And there is the further fact, one even more awkward for the votaries of infallibility, that the infallible power so often showed itself as the direct enemy of English freedom. Of course there are minds to which this would be no difficulty at all. If the Infallible condemns the freedom of England, so much the worse for the freedom of England. But the Cardinal has clearly not reached this stage. He has become an Ultramontane, but he wants to be an Englishman too; he will fight a desperate battle rather than give up the hope that he may somehow reconcile the two characters. No doubt, if the Pope did condemn English freedom, the Cardinal will give up English freedom and cleave to the Pope. But this is plainly the last result of all. If he can anyhow make out that the Pope was not an enemy of English freedom, he will clearly be much better pleased.

For one in Cardinal Manning's position it is therefore a very unpleasant stumbling-block that Innocent the Third denounced the Great Charter, that he condemned and excommunicated the men who wrested it from John, and used some very hard words about the Charter itself. The Cardinal's position is that Innocent did not condemn the matter of the Charter, the liberties of England therein contained, but that he simply condemned the way in which the Charter was won, the way in which it was wrong from the King by armed barons at the head of an armed nation. Now we really see very little difference, as far as we are concerned, between the two processes. A judgment of a court may be set aside, either because the judgment, though pronounced by a competent judge, is bad in itself, or because, though in itself a model of what a judgment ought to be, it was pronounced by some one who had no authority to pronounce it. But

in either case the power which sets it aside, on whichever ground, clearly claims to be the superior tribunal, to have a right to judge alike of the external validity of the judgment and of its internal merits. Cardinal Manning would have us believe that Innocent the Third would very likely have approved of every word of the Great Charter, if only it had been granted by the King's free will. He tells us that he condemned it only because of the way in which it was wrong from the King. In the Cardinal's own words:—"Innocent condemned the action of the barons, and not the liberties of England." We answer that, in condemning the action of the barons, he did condemn the liberties of England. Unless the nation has the right in extreme cases to redress its wrongs by force, there is no guaranty for liberty. The barons won the Charter by open resistance to the royal power. This the Cardinal says that Innocent condemned, but that he did not condemn the matter of the Charter. But part of the matter of the Charter is that the barons should have the right to do again what they had done already—that is, to withstand misgovernment by force. A condemnation of the way in which the Charter was won is implicitly a condemnation of at least this part of the Charter itself.

It is no doubt true that Innocent the Third was not likely to trouble himself either to condemn or to approve "sixty-two articles, relating to inheritance, taxation, common pleas, trial by peers, weights, measures, imprisonment, safe-conduct, and the like." As for the article which begins "*Anglicana ecclesia libera sit*," we may agree with the Cardinal that "this certainly was not condemned by Innocent." But we may be quite sure that Innocent would mean one thing by it, and the English Church and nation would mean another. Innocent would be well enough pleased that the Church of England should be free as regarded the King; what the Church of England herself wished was to be free as regarded the King and the Pope too. But we may fully grant to the Cardinal that Innocent did not mean to condemn the details of the Charter. There was very little in them to make him care about them one way or another; we may quite well believe that he never read them or asked what they were. But the phrases that the Cardinal so dislikes about Innocent condemning and denouncing the Charter are not the less perfectly true. The Cardinal does not deny that Innocent declared the Charter null and void, that he called it various hard names, "*turpis et vilis, illicita et iniqua*," that he forbade it to be acted upon, that he excommunicated the barons and suspended the Archbishop for their share in it. This we certainly call condemning and denouncing a thing. It is simply childish to ask whether Innocent did or did not condemn the clauses about weights and measures. It does not matter in the least whether the hard words used by Innocent do or do not "apply to the laws and liberties as expressed in the Charter." They apply to the Charter itself, and that is enough. Our charge is that the Bishop of Rome took upon himself to condemn and annul a Charter which the English nation had wrested from its own King. We Englishmen call this an insolent usurpation; the motives by which Innocent was led to this usurpation, whether he disliked the Charter itself or the way in which the Charter was won, are absolutely indifferent for any practical purpose. They are proper matters of historical inquiry for a biographer of Innocent, but they in no way concern the English nation. The Cardinal himself says, "The Pope quashed and annulled the Charter as a contract, and forbade either side to plead or to act upon it, but not one word as to its contents is to be found." It is enough for us Englishmen that a Pope took on himself to quash and annul our Charter. Why he took upon himself to quash and annul it, whether his act of quashing and annulling contained any word about its contents, matters not in the least. We quashed and annulled back again the act in which he took upon himself to quash and annul the Charter of our freedom, without a moment's thought whether he did it because he had an abstract dislike to our liberties or for any other reason.

The Cardinal favours us with a sketch of the history of the reign of John, some of the statements in which are certainly remarkable. His references for the narrative are made chiefly to Matthew Paris. If the Cardinal is likely to become a convert to the notions of Matthew Paris with regard to the Roman see, we heartily congratulate him on this wholesome change backwards. But for the mere facts of the reign of John it is safer to follow the text of the earlier writer Roger of Wendover, whom Matthew Paris copied after the fashion of the time, adding, omitting, and altering as he thought good. But the Cardinal tells us some things which we cannot find either in one or the other. We have tried Roger, we have tried the old Matthew and the new, but we cannot find in any of them anything like the statement of the Cardinal that "the Pope, with the unanimous assent of the English people, save only the partisans of John, pronounced the sentence of deposition against him." Of this we find not one word; the deposition indeed we find, but not the unanimous consent of the English people. Directly after the Cardinal tells us, in "1213, the Archbishops and Bishops, with the concurrence of barons and people, promulgated the sentence of deposition, and the King of France was charged with its execution." The Cardinal surely means us to understand that the sentence was promulgated in England, and that it was the barons and people of England whose concurrence is spoken of. But if we turn to either Roger or Matthew, we find that the promulgation was made in France, and that, so far as any barons and people concurred in it, it was the barons and people of France who did so. We make the Cardinal's own reference to Sir Frederick Madden's

edition of Matthew, and find that the words of Roger of Wendover are simply copied. The Archbishop and two other Bishops go to the Pope; they set forth the miseries of the kingdom, and ask the Pope to help them; they do not say in what way. Then the Pope pronounces the sentence of deposition, and offers the Crown to Philip of France. Then the three Bishops come from Rome into France. What they did there must be given in the words of the original:—

Habito in partibus transmarinis concilio, regi Francorum et episcopis Gallicanis, cum clero pariter et populo, sententiam, que in regem Anglorum Johanne[m] Romæ pro contumacia lata fuerat, sollempniter promulgant.

The three Bishops did not land in England, or promulgate anything there, or get the concurrence of anybody there to anything, till after John had submitted, and all talk of his deposition at Papal hands had passed by. We leave our readers to judge whether the man who writes in this way has a right to talk about "the nursery tales which pass for history in England," or to talk of the writings of Lord Macaulay or of Mr. Green as "of great value, but marred by great inaccuracies." There are some writings which are not only marred by inaccuracies, but are so completely made up of inaccuracies that they cannot be said to be of any value at all.

The Cardinal has called up a theory of the Papacy and the Empire as something universally accepted in Christendom, which was of course what the Popes always wanted to have accepted, but which those concerned always declined to accept. His doctrine—one somewhat differing from that of Dante—stands thus:

The supreme civil power of Christendom was dependent on the supreme spiritual authority. The Pontiffs created the Empire of the West; they conferred the Imperial dignity by consecration; they were the ultimate judges of the Emperor's acts, with power of deprivation and deposition. The Christian world of that day saw nothing disgraceful in this sacred Imperial jurisprudence.

The Cardinal of course forgets that half the Christian world did not acknowledge the Bishop of Rome at all, and knew nothing about the supreme Head of the Christian world of whom the Cardinal is so fond of talking. Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, and Jerusalem cannot be so easily wiped out of the map of the Christian world as it may suit the Cardinal's convenience to wish to see them. But within the West, where did the Cardinal find that the Popes created the Empire, that they were the ultimate judges of the Emperor's acts, with power of deprivation and deposition? Certainly several Emperors thought that they had the power of deprivation and deposition against the chief Bishop of their Empire. The Pontiff undoubtedly, in a sense, conferred the Imperial dignity by consecration; but, if that implies a power of deposition, it follows that the Archbishops of Canterbury and of Rheims had the same power of deposition over the Kings of England and of France. Neither the law of the Empire nor the law of England knows anything about what the Cardinal calls "the constitutional law of Christian kingdoms, the jurisprudence of the Christian world." "In this," he tells us, "authority and liberty are both sacred; despotism and rebellion both crimes against God and man. The Pope, as supreme judge, took cognizance of these *causæ majores*, these high causes of Christian civilization." He adds, "The pastoral vigilance of the Pontiff is great, but it hardly reaches to the weights and measures and quarters and ells and gallons of Christendom." If we admit the Pope to be judge in matters of despotism and rebellion, we really do not see why he should not also be judge of quarters and ells. A legislation earlier than the Decretals did not scruple to occupy itself with a just ephah and a just hin. If the Pope claimed to be judge of despotism and rebellion, it could only be as vicar of the Power by whom Kings reign, and that same Power had also expressed abomination for a false balance and delight in a just weight. The plain fact is that though sometimes a King and sometimes an Archbishop might betray his own cause by humbling himself before a foreign power, yet it would be impossible to find any formal act by which the law of England ever acknowledged the Pope as supreme judge, either of rebellions or of gallons. As for rebellion, there is always the question which is the rebel. It no doubt sounds very dreadful when, in the seventeenth century, we read the resolution that "it is high treason for a King of England to levy war against his Parliament"; but after all it does not differ very much from the words in which barons and citizens denounce John as "Rex perjurus ac baronibus rebellis." If the Cardinal will carry on his studies of English history a little further, he will find that there was a power by which a King of England could be lawfully deposed, but that that power was vested, not in the Bishop of Rome, but in the barons, clergy, and commons of England.

Cardinal Manning has much to say about the powers which he holds to have been vested in the Pope by his supposed jurisprudence of the Christian world. He does not clearly enough distinguish between these powers and any special power which he may conceive to have accrued to the Pope by virtue of John's homage. He does draw the distinction, because he sees that the deposition took place before the homage, and that therefore, if the deposition is to be justified at all, it must be justified on some ground other than the homage. Hence he is driven to devise this supposed general jurisprudence of the Christian world. Still we should like to know exactly what he thinks as to the effect of the homage. How was John's homage to the Pope affected by the earlier homage of Richard to the Emperor? Had a King of the English any right to depose a King of Scots, or a King of the French to depose a Duke of the Normans? Had they any right to interfere in the affairs of Scotland or of Normandy in matters which in no way touched the external relation of

homage? Had they any right to annul Charters or other acts between prince and people? What if John had got his Imperial nephew to annul the Great Charter by virtue of the homage of Richard? We do not undertake to answer all these questions. Perhaps the Cardinal may have found something about them in the general jurisprudence of the Christian world. The plain truth, perhaps not very creditable to any of the parties concerned, is that anybody who was hard pressed did homage to any one who was likely to help him, Emperor, Pope, or anybody else. One thing is quite certain, that a Pope did take upon himself to annul the liberties of England; whether it was because they were the liberties of England, or for any other reason, does not matter one straw. And it is equally certain that, if the Pope could make any claim to meddle in English affairs, either as universal or as immediate feudal lord, the Emperor might have put forth the same claim, and might have found just as much to say for it.

HOG-HUNTING.

THE progress of the Prince of Wales through our Indian dominions has unquestionably been hitherto a decided political and social success. We must except, however, from this remark the first essay in spearing the boar which was made by him at Baroda. The announcement that an array of a thousand beaters, posted in line near a choice preserve of wild pigs, resulted only in the death of a single boar, must have caused infinite discomposure to many a retired Indian official or indigo planter, who thought how very differently things would have been managed by him for such a visitor in the jungles of Khandeish or on the plains of the Gangetic Delta. We can only hazard a conjecture that the unwieldy line of beaters was unskilfully handled, or that the hogs were unusually perverse; or else that the political discontent imputed to the conservative party at the Court of the Gaikwar had extended to the porcine creation. We shall now endeavour to show in what way far better results are constantly attained by experienced hunters, with one-tenth of all this show and pageantry, in other parts of India.

With the spread of agriculture and the increase of the rural population the wild animals of the forest, it is well known, disappear. Some are killed off, but the greater proportion betake themselves to those huge forests which are still to be found, not materially thinned or contracted, in Central India, in parts of Madras and of Eastern Bengal, and at the foot of the Himalayas, at intervals, the whole way from Chittagong to the Punjab. As a general rule, the first to become scarce are the wild elephant and rhinoceros; next, go the tiger and the larger kinds of deer, together with such winged game as the wild peacock and the jungle fowl. The hog-deer and the wild hog linger behind while there is yet any cover untouched by the axe, or wherever the grass, burnt by the peasantry in one season for the pasture, springs up again obstinately in the next rains. Last of all, in company with the hare and the black and grey partridge, the pigs begin to make off for quarters where their young are not at the mercy of certain low-caste Hindus, ready to eat anything short of a fox or jackal, and where their haunts are not uprooted by the spade and plough of the ryot. It follows from this that the tracts best suited for the exciting sport of hog-hunting are those in which the primeval jungle divides with agriculture the dominion of the plain. It is obviously no use attempting to follow hogs on horseback in jungles of heavy timber, or in dense thickets lined with swamps and intersected by tidal creeks. It is useless, again, to hope for this sport in most of those districts which, as we learnt recently from the literature of the famine, are more thickly populated than Belgium or Lancashire. But where the forest of *saul*, *sissoo*, or other trees has been a good deal cleared; where the embankments round dilapidated tanks are still covered with high grass; where charming little patches of jungle, locally known by the titles of *null*, *cassia*, *benna*, *jao*, *hugla*, *pāti*, and a dozen others, alternate with fields of millet, mustard, and peas; where there are two or three acres of sugar-cane at no great distance from some low range of hills to which the hogs can run for safety; where erratic rivers either form huge islands or long stretches of alluvial deposit, covered with water in the rains, but firm and dry from November to May inclusive; where there is plenty of agricultural produce for the hog to uproot by night, and yet enough of cover, some three or four feet in height, to conceal him in the daytime—these are the select spots to which ardent and experienced men resort with a sheaf of spears, a batch of Arab horses, a line of some dozen elephants, and a staff of beaters, tempted into the service by promises of liberal payment and by some relish for adventure.

There is a good deal of difference between the sport as practised in the Bengal Presidency and in those of Bombay and Madras. In the former the spear is about six and a half feet in length; and the sportsman, grasping it about eighteen inches from the top, which is heavily weighted with lead, drives it neatly and sharply into the body of the animal. The men of Madras and Bombay use a spear of ten feet and more in length, and couch it like a lance. In our opinion, the sport is pursued in the latter Presidency under greater difficulties of locality, and there is often more credit in bringing one hog to bay above the Western Ghauts, after a chase over broken and stony ground, where nullahs have to be leapt and low ranges of hills traversed, than there is in dispatching three or four animals routed out in succession from a

small patch of jungle-grass in the districts of Nuddea, Pubna, and Dacca, in Lower Bengal. But still if the Prince of Wales or any other traveller wishes to enjoy the sport of riding to hog in perfection, we should advise him to select, not Sholapore or Bellary, but the plains watered and occasionally inundated by the Ganges where it is known as the Poddha, or the banks of the Gorai, the Jellinghi, and the Megna. There, tents pitched in the morning are transformed before evening by intelligent Hindoo and Mahomedan servants into residences which appear as if the owners had been living in them for weeks. From ten to twenty elephants are chained, each by one leg, to magnificent trees on the edge of the village; a deep tank suited for the daily bath of these useful animals is close at hand; the scene at night is lit up by the camp-fires of the followers; the early or autumnal crops have been cut and carried; and the late or spring harvest will not be ready for the sickle for another six weeks. It is by no means necessary, in the Indian winter, that hunters should take the field at daybreak and return to their encampment at ten or eleven, tired and sunburnt. Indeed, in the month of January and the early part of February, the jungles can be beaten throughout the day. The great object is naturally to induce the boar to break cover and take to the open. If the patch of grass, reed, or scrub be small, this is easily effected. All that is necessary is half-a-dozen elephants, with twenty beaters on foot, uttering some Asiatic cry which answers to "Hee, cock, cock," and a fine burst is the result. But where the jungle is so large that the boar can dodge the elephants or break back, other expedients must be put in force. Crackers and squibs are thrown into the denser thickets; the line of elephants must be made stronger and more compact; drums are beaten, and mingle with the yells and shouts of the footmen; and, occasionally, as a last resource, some mild sportsman who prefers the gun to the spear and the howdah to the saddle, is directed, from his seat on an elephant's back, to dislodge the boar, when he can get a sight of him, by a charge of No. 7 or 8 shot skilfully lodged just under the tail. The boar is perfectly well aware that a thick covert is generally his best security, and the employment of the last expedient is the surest way of convincing him to the contrary.

When the company is not large and the animals are not very numerous, three or four men will race together for the spear, it being a universal rule that the honour belongs to the man who can draw "first blood." The result depends on a variety of considerations. The boar, driven out of one patch, will endeavour to gain another cover. If the friendly shelter is about a mile off there is no reason to expect that the animal will turn and charge, unless it be one of an unusually savage nature. If the second cover is two or three miles from the first, and the boast is one of average courage and fierceness, a charge may be expected as soon as breath is scant and weight begins to tell. We rarely or ever met with a boar thirty inches in height that would not distance, for the first quarter or half mile, the very best Arab that was ever bought for the Indian market. But after a while wind and training prevail, and as the sportsman comes to closer quarters it is impossible to say whether he will spear the tired pig from behind, or whether the animal, like Macaulay's British Lion at Agincourt, will turn to bay in wrath, and will come down on the nearest hunter with bristles erect, tail as stiff as a ramrod, foaming jaws, and a series of short and defiant grunts. One maxim, approved by all hog-hunters of every degree, is that the charge must be met, and not awaited. To stand spear in hand, while the boar comes down on you, is to expose yourself and your Arab to be upset, cut and slashed, and ruined for life. A great deal now depends on correctness of aim and lightness of touch. A practised rider puts his horse into a smart canter, bends slightly forward over its right shoulder, and plants the spear as near the spine as possible, before the tusks of his adversary can rip up the forearm or the belly. With a jerk, to which the instincts of the horse respond, he wheels rapidly round to the left, withdrawing his spear if the wound be slight, and leaving it sticking if deep, while the enraged animal is just too late even to graze the horse's hocks. Then, from a determined boar, there may ensue a series of these attacks. The wounded hog sets its back to a bush and rushes out upon one man after another. As many as three spears have been seen lodged in the flanks or ribs, quivering as the hog staggers away under them, until at last it sinks from hæmorrhage, or a fourth spear settles the business. In a good country, not only level but smooth, the whole affair—the burst, the pursuit, the charges, and the death—may be all over in less than ten minutes. But the course of true hog-hunting is not always more smooth than that of love. Sometimes the ground is clay, trodden by cattle unevenly when wet, and then hardened into the consistency of iron. Sometimes the boar skirts the edge of a marsh or swims a deep river, or takes to a line of gardens and orchards, in the midst of which lie buried the houses of the Bengali peasant, where the hunter gets bewildered amongst shady and narrow paths crossing each other at right angles, and may either lose the chase altogether or be suddenly charged by an enraged tusker where there is no room for him to practise the least cavalry manoeuvre. At other times the boar from the very first "jinks," as it is technically termed; crosses from right to left under the horse's forelegs, turns "dunghill," refuses to charge, and repeats his tactics so cleverly that the three best mounted and most skilled riders are thrown out, and the honour of drawing first blood falls to some second-rate man with a third-rate country-bred horse, who comes

up and "cuts in" just at the very right time. Very rarely a hog has been heard to squeal as the hunter's spear is just about to be delivered, but in such a case it is reasonable to conclude that the fiery blood of the jungle race has been impoverished by connexion with the domestic species; and, on the other hand, a fine specimen of a boar forty inches high, with tusks polished by constant combats or by rubbing against trees, refuses to run after less than three hundred yards, turns sharply on the delighted sportsman, gashes one horse, sends another to the right about, and, when pierced through and through, "dies in silence, biting hard" at the spear shaft or at anything, animate or inanimate, that comes within its reach.

It is a curious fact that the Province of which the inhabitants are the least warlike and most effeminate of the various races to be found in the great peninsula produces wild hogs of the most savage breed. There are some good hogs now and then to be found in the North-Western Provinces, where the jungles have not entirely vanished, and the Central and Southern districts can show specimens well worthy of any foeman's steel; but we have heard the late General Sir Walter Gilbert, than whom a finer sportsman never led a charge against Sikhs or Afghans, declare that nothing, for size and ferocity, could surpass, if it could equal, the pure Bengali breed. Of course hog-hunting, like sport of many kinds in the East, is not now what it was. Select hunting-grounds which forty, fifty, or sixty years ago had furnished hogs and hog-deer sufficient to exhaust a whole stud of Arabs in two or three days' hunting, are now converted into villages, and even bazaars, teeming with population; or if the jungle, favoured by epidemics, inundations, and the tyranny and incapacity of a native landlord, has been too strong for the plough and the hoe, six head would now be accounted for instead of thirty. But there are still places which will never be fit for anything but temporary occupation, and which can only yield one crop a year. Far away in Eastern Bengal, on the alluvial flats of some river named after a Hindu divinity, a good line of elephants will now and then turn out quantities of pigs of all sizes, sows with litters, lanky boars and monsters with tusks, in the proportion shown by hares and rabbits during a Norfolk battue. And few things can be more exhilarating than a gallop across the sandy loam, as smooth as a Leicestershire pasture, where the only puzzle is to select out of many the boar that seems likely to give the best sport. As a general rule, no mount, for a man under twelve stone, surpasses the Arab horse. Australians, English hunters, horses from the Cape of Good Hope, have been entered at this sport and have answered fairly. But the Cape horse is very soon knocked up; the English hunter, three parts bred, is superior in stride, but cannot wheel to the right or left with the necessary rapidity; Australians or Walers are apt to be uncertain in their disposition, and are given to "buck jumping." For temper, for exquisite beauty combined with bone and sinew, for certainty of rapid evolution, for coolness in meeting the angry and bristling foe, for obedience to the touch of spur or rein, and, we may almost say, for sympathetic enjoyment of the sport, the Arab horse is pre-eminent. Anecdotes of hairbreadth escapes and extraordinary accidents, occurring in the field, are numerous. Though it is not often necessary to leap a fence, there are ugly nullahs brimful of water, or dry and with precipitous banks, to be got over. The ground is hard, honeycombed with cracks and with the holes of foxes and jackals, and horse and rider may come down headlong when going at racing speed. Sometimes the boar has the best of it in a charge, or the horse swerves and deposits his rider on the hog's back, just as he is bending forward to deliver the spear; or an incautious youth throws the spear, *telum imbelles*, like a dart, in which case it has been known to turn right over, like the caber in Highland sports, and to strike the next horse full in the chest, the point coming out under the poor steed's tail. Of course the catalogue of broken arms, dislocated collar-bones, and even sad deaths, is relieved by less dismal anecdotes; and there are stories still current in Anglo-Indian coterie of one official who always took care, in making a "Revenue Settlement," to leave a small part of the tract unsettled in order that he might have a good excuse for visiting it next year at the right season for hunting; of another who, in days when lax notions of prison discipline prevailed, had assigned to him on such an expedition three "misdemeanants," whose business it was to cut grass and fodder for his stud; of the obese Mathuranath Biswas, the native manager of the Nilgunge factory, who, venturing out on a quiet pony merely to show the country to the planter and his friend the magistrate, was charged, when he was little suspecting an enemy, by a boar and sent rolling into the ditch; and of Hari Ram, the *nazir* or sheriff of an enthusiastic collector, whose business it was to attend his master in the field, and who was not allowed to receive his monthly salary until he had reduced his complacency so as not to overweight the pony which carried him and the second spear. That herds of wild hogs on the edges of civilization do considerable damage to sugar-cane, gardens, and cereals and pulses, and must be destroyed by some means, may be easily conceived. They do not always attack men, unless provoked; though occasionally, when driven out of an inclosure, or savage at being disturbed in their siesta, they will charge without hesitation. Deaths by wild hogs are constantly reported, together with those by tigers, buffaloes, and elephants. The Oriental frame, however, gets over ghastly wounds in a way which to Englishmen seems marvellous. We recollect a native brought into camp one morning frightfully gashed by a hog, without provocation, in no less than nineteen places. His wounds were

cleansed and bound up, and he was sent by the magistrate into the station, thirty-five miles off, where he was reported perfectly cured in three weeks.

It would be easy to fill our paper with a list of men who, like foxhunters in England, had earned distinction in more than one line. We have referred to the late Sir W. Gilbert, who fought as an ensign at Laswari under Lord Lake, and lived to drive out the Afghans from the Punjab, helter-skelter after the battle of Guzerat. Sir George Yule, member of the Supreme Council under Lord Lawrence, was amongst the foremost of his day in the pursuit of either hog or tiger. The late Mr. Dunbar, Commissioner of Dacca, has repeatedly been known to leave a splendid boar lifeless by one single well-directed thrust in the spine; and at the first charge of the battle of Moodki there fell, with his face to the Sikh lines, Captain Herries, one of the A.D.C.'s of the late Lord Hardinge, whose firm seat and light hand had often made the best mounted competitor from the beginning of a run abandon all hope of "first spear." We trust that it may be reserved for the Prince of Wales, under happier auspices, to see something of this sport in the Bengal Presidency, and that, if classically inclined, he may at least be able to say, in the language of Pliny to the great historian Tacitus, "*Rides et licet rideas, occidi tres apros nuper, et pulcherrimos quidem.*"

MANTEGNA'S TRIUMPH OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE appearance of a set of photographs executed at the instance of some artists and amateurs presents a timely opportunity for saying a few words on the famous designs by Andrea Mantegna, long domiciled, and at the same time desecrated, in the Royal Palace at Hampton. These photographs, printed by a permanent process, are nine in number, and no less than twenty inches in length and breadth; the moderate cost at which they can be acquired by the general public is simply sufficient to cover the expense of production. The well-known artist, Mr. Henry Wallis, is Honorary Secretary, and Mr. Joseph Dixon of the Temple acts as Honorary Treasurer. The motive is commendable, but the result unsatisfactory, not however so much from any fault on the part of the manipulators as from the state of ruin into which these priceless relics have fallen. The photographs appear as ghosts rather than as pictures; indistinctness in form, and confusion in light and shade, mar the finest of the figures. And thus these reproductions compare unfavourably with the photographs taken from the Raffaele cartoons while yet they also remained at Hampton Court. This inferiority arises partly from the character of the respective pictures, and partly from the different degrees of injury they have severally sustained. The compositions of Raffaele are studiously perspicuous; thus, in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" the figures, mostly detached from each other, stand out clearly and sharply from the background. The principle of Mantegna was different. According to the older manner, he adopts a high and heavy horizon, below and above which he raises two or even three tiers of actors and spectators, with added processional properties; in like manner upon the plane of the foreground he crowds together elephants with their riders and their leaders, into one mass of grand confusion. Then, as to the injuries inflicted by time and man, the fates have been more cruel to Mantegna than to Raffaele. It is true that the cartoons of Raffaele are, and probably always were, of unequal merit; they have, too, suffered from reparation and the ravages of time. But the pictures of Mantegna have not passed thus comparatively lightly through the ordeal of three-and-a-half centuries; they have been flayed alive, so that it may almost be said that the master and his art live no more. Here and there only do some small fragments of the original survive. Indeed the judgment of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle is that "the Triumphs are in such a condition that we do not inquire what parts are injured, but rather whether there are any bits uninjured." All the denunciations that have been launched against the destroyers of Da Vinci's "Last Supper" in Milan might be levelled against those who in England have massacred the master-work of the great artist of Mantua by the pallet-knife and the paint-brush. Such being the melancholy state of the case, some persons have felt that the taking of these photographs is but love's labour lost. We do not wholly agree with this opinion. Painters and other students of art will rejoice in the possession of these faded visions, these incoherent fragments, of works which rank among the noblest in the whole history of art. We need scarcely add that there are figures in this procession which deserve to be welcomed as household gods into an artist's home.

It may be well to retrace in brief the origin and vicissitudes of this "Triumph of Julius Cæsar." The designs were begun for the Duke of Mantua about the year 1487, but, owing to the artist's engagements in Rome, were not finished till 1492. Mantegna died in Mantua eight years afterwards at the age of seventy-six. The designs therefore rank among his maturest creations. The artist himself speaks with conscious pride of his compositions. Vasari pronounces them to be the painter's highest achievements, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle say that "they are an embodiment of all that Mantegna had learnt and acquired from youth upwards. They illustrate his love of scientific perspective, his fondness for plastic examples, his deep and untiring study of the antique." Mrs. Jameson bears like tribute as follows:—

The inconceivable richness of fancy displayed in this Triumphal Proces-

sion, the number of figures and objects of every kind, the propriety of the antique costumes, ornaments, armour, &c., with the scientific manner in which the perspective is managed, the whole being adapted to its intended situation far above the eye, so that the under surfaces of the objects are alone visible (as would be the case when viewed from below), the upper surfaces vanishing into air; all these merits combined render this series of pictures one of the grandest works of the fifteenth century, worthy of the attention and admiration of all beholders.

The precise purpose for which these elaborate compositions were made seems to be matter of conjecture, but a letter exists which states, on the authority of an eye-witness, that in 1501 they decorated the theatre in the Castle of Mantua, and it would appear that there they remained for more than a century—down, in fact, to the year 1629, when the city was sacked and plundered. But fortunately the designs, with the pictures known as the Mantuan Collection, made their escape in safety. Subsequently the Duke, finding himself too poor to retain his ancestral treasures, sold his collection to our Charles I. for 20,000*l.* Thus the "Triumph" came to England. After the execution of the King, the Parliament, it is well known, issued orders for the demolition of Popish and superstitious pictures in the Royal Palaces of Whitehall and Hampton Court, and for the sale of such as were without superstition. The "Triumph of Cæsar" realized 1,000*l.*—not an inconsiderable amount in those days. Raffaele's Cartoons were by Cromwell himself secured to the nation, at the modest sum of 300*l.* The present value of either of these sets of master-works it would be hard to guess at, but the ratio between the two would certainly be reversed; Raffaele rules a vastly higher market than Mantegna. On the Restoration under Charles II. the "Triumph" came back to the royal collections, but how or through whom does not appear.

A few words are needed as to the technique of these nine compositions, and as to the cause and character of their decay. They are painted in tempera on twilled linen stretched on frames, and originally pilasters with Renaissance ornament divided the compartments. We are assured by a Royal Academician whose judgment is conclusive that "wherever the real work of Mantegna is left, the drawing and execution are of the most refined character, and the tempera painting of the most delicate nature." The colours, though now faded and falling away, still bear traces of decorative splendour; while the unvarnished surface, the life-size scale, and a freehand mode of execution approach to the quality of fresco-painting. Altogether these pictures were eminently suited to mural decoration. Next, as to the causes of their present ruin. The probability would seem to be that the canvases came to this country in the time of Charles I., in fairly good condition, and there would appear to be little reason to suppose that they suffered very materially under the great rebellion, but in later times they are known to have suffered cruelly. Hampton Court is not a safe resting-place for works of art; for example, housemaids and maids of honour are said to have emptied slops, which, percolating through floor and wall, streamed down the face of Raffaele's cartoons, the discoloured surfaces of which bear the marks of these unsavoury drippings and drainages.

Naturally there came a moment when repairs were talked of. Accordingly in the reign of William III. Lewis Laguerre was lodged at Hampton Court, where by appointment he set to work and repainted well nigh all the figures. When a like operation was being performed on Da Vinci's Cenacolo, a traveller relates that he arrived just in time to see the disappearance of the master's last remaining touches. When we visited Hampton Court the other day it seemed to us too late to look on even a remnant of Mantegna's masterpiece. It is known that a total destruction by fire has been for long something more than a remote possibility; and we can well believe that measures will be taken to ensure safety when there remains nothing worth saving. But these ill-used works are at last fortunate in their present care-taker. With tender solicitude and a practised eye, Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A., watches the ravages of time and asks what can be done. He keeps a book in which is entered a small photograph of each cartoon, with notes stating the condition in which he found the pictures, and further entries are made of any changes which they may year by year undergo. It was easy to provide the protection of glass, but it is far more difficult to know what to do with the pictures themselves. Tempera is at any time difficult to deal with, and in their present state of rottenness no prudent man would dare to operate. We give the following facts on authority. Mr. Richard Redgrave had one of the pictures brought up to London ten or twelve years ago, and a little committee of judges was formed to examine it well, and to consider if anything could be done to restore it. Had these works been in oil, under careful supervision the repaints could have been removed, but no means were found to remove the upper tempera work without removing that which was Mantegna's real work; and it was determined that even to renew the parts that had scaled off was not desirable, since, however careful their execution, the cleaners would inevitably be charged with the dreadful daubings of former repairers. A small piece of purely ornamental work was restored, to show what could be done. Mr. Redgrave reported that the pictures must be placed under glass; this was done, and he does not think the mischief is increasing. Subsequently Mr. Richmond, after his experience of other important works at Westminster and Oxford, thought something might be effected, and opportunity was given him to try, in the presence of Mr. Richard Redgrave, some experiments on unimportant parts of the surface; but after some hours of patient and most careful experiment, Mr. Richmond acknowledged that the removal of the repaints was not possible.

We can well imagine that few persons would care to encounter

the responsibility of repairing fabrics which might crumble under the touch, for great would be the public outcry even though the fault were none. We may just throw out as a suggestion a method common on the Continent; pigments falling from walls, panels, or canvases, are again fixed by means of a glutinous fluid under surface pressure. We have been witnesses to a like operation whereby the remnants of the wall pictures by Cimabue in the Church of St. Francis at Assisi have been secured from further decay. Of course we need not add that in all such cases conservation ought to be the sole purpose; "restoration" being but destruction in disguise. At all events we have said enough to show that Hampton Court is not a fitting resting-place for this triumphal panorama. It cannot be even seen there. Where then shall it go? The course which would undoubtedly please the public best is, not that (as in the case of Raffaele's Cartoons) further favour should be shown to Kensington, but that Trafalgar Square should be chosen as the abode of works which on every ground ought to be made as accessible to the people as possible. The newly-erected buildings of the National Gallery make any such suggestion all the more feasible and opportune.

The art of Mantegna is so complex that it may be best understood through analysis. The main questions to be solved are what relation does it hold to other art, anterior or contemporaneous, how does it stand in regard to nature, and how much of independent personality does it derive from the individual character of the artist himself? In the first place, then, when we look at Mantegna's pictures, drawings, and engravings, the paramount influence of antique marbles is manifest. Indeed this master may be said to have been the most thorough antiquary of his time; this "Triumph" is loaded, almost as a museum, with antique armour, vases, standards, busts, statues, and musical instruments. But Mantegna did more; he became, through persistent and intelligent study, imbued with the spirit of classic art, not perhaps so much in its simplicity and breadth as in its dignity and statuesque immobility. It is not too much to say that he was more deeply penetrated by ancient art than Michael Angelo. But the penalty paid was considerable. His figures are petrified as if they were of stone; they stand fixed to the spot whereon they happen to be planted; this procession has little or no movement forwards; it is as a life frosted and congealed. The progress of Caesar nowhere breaks into the animated action of the processional frieze of the Parthenon; there are no groups comparable to Da Vinci's "Battle of the Standard," no figures equivalent to Raffaele's swiftly-speeding Furies chasing Helioidorus from the Temple. Then as to draperies; they gain symmetry from the antique; but it may be objected that even in the drawing at Florence of the Virgin in Adoration the finely-cast mantle might have been carved in stone. Also we have here, as well as in the frescoes at Padua, to observe on the angular cutting up of the draperies lying on the ground, after the mannerism of the old Germans. It is to be remembered how ardently Mantegna and Albert Dürer desired to meet, and, although death intervened, there can be little doubt that somehow Transalpine characteristics crept into the style of the severe and erudite Mantuan. As to the spell cast by Venice over Mantegna, we incline to think it has been overrated, notwithstanding that certain pictures by Giovanni Bellini and Mantegna have much in common. But the colour of Mantegna never became precisely Venetian; it remained, like the design, harsh in its harmonies and violent in its contrasts. Moreover, it gained force through the opposition of complementary tones, such as greenish yellows in the lights, and reds or purples in the shadows—a secret first known to the ancients, and by Raffaele fully brought to light in the frescoes of the Vatican. Colour was for the master of Mantua less an intuition than a science.

Mantegna's relation to nature would take long to expound. But in brief we may say that for the most part he saw nature through the medium of the antique; yet that he could look her directly in the face, that he was able to merge the generic in the individual, this "Triumph" gives certain proof. Especially may be cited a lovely and eminently naturalistic group of women and children; also the figure of an old man bending under the infirmities of age, and supporting his tottering steps by a stick—this is evidently a study from the life. Lastly, Mantegna was endowed with an individuality which, if less assailable than that of Michael Angelo, is equally pronounced in its own special way. He, like the grand Tuscan, approaches his subjects with a proud step; he raises his characters above the level of ordinary nature, he removes them to a distance from the common people, who may behold from afar but cannot touch the hem of the garment. No painter better repays study. Mantegna came at a time when divergent currents in art history were meeting and intermingling in one stream, when old arts were revived, and the human intellect in unwonted tension and action was pressing forward to new conquests; he belonged to an age when the inductive method of dealing with nature, if not actually propounded, was practised—a method which places the art of Mantegna and his fellow-workers in close relation with science and philosophy.

A HARD WINTER.

IT would seem as if the sombre predictions of the weather prophets were going to be realized; at all events winter has set in early and with very unusual severity. The signs and omens

have been multiplied that go far to guide popular expectation. Never were wild fruits and berries more plentiful or more brilliant in their hues among the leaves that hung so late in the hedge-rows. Abnormal flights of birds gathered in the copses, before making a premature start for more genial latitudes. Hibernating animals slunk away early to their winter beds while there was still foliage on the boughs and plenty of feed about the fields. If we believe that they receive mysterious warnings of the weather that awaits us, apparently their instincts have not deceived them this year. Taking London as the centre of the world we live in, the snow has been drawing in upon us simultaneously from all quarters but the west. In Scotland, as is not unnatural, it lies a couple of feet deep in the Northern and Eastern counties, while the drifts have been blocking communications and threatening to bring trains to a standstill. On the great plateau of central Europe the storms have been blowing up and the thermometer going down, while the crush of ice on the rivers comes considerably before its usual time. And, strange to say, people in Southern France are in a worse plight than our countrymen in Scotland, and "sunny Provence," with its vineyards and olive-yards, lies bound in frozen fetters. We hear of Special Correspondents of Parisian journals caught and blocked up in places like Montélimart, while the mails from Marseilles have been days overdue, a thing almost unheard of in the beginning of December. We make no pretensions to take our stand among the weather prophets; but we have remarked that, when winter sets in in this blustering fashion, the end is generally worthy of the beginning.

In any English winter there is always suffering enough, but this year a severe season must inflict exceptional hardships upon many people. Only the other day the inundations were out half over the country; farmers and peasants were punting about over their submerged fields, piloting themselves by the familiar landmarks that had half disappeared in the waste of water. Whole suburbs of country towns were subsiding slowly below high-water mark; on the Surrey side in the metropolis the Thames had burst its bounds. Not to speak of its washing about the miscellaneous contents of cellarages and warehouses, it was spreading wide desolation among densely inhabited dwellings. These homes of the humbler classes have never had time to dry, nor indeed have the household goods of their occupants. And now the sharp frost has laid hold of the soaking walls, and rifts will open in ill-built walls and ill-secured roofs; in the rapid alternations of freezing and thawing, window-panes that have been shattered have never been repaired, and the frosty wind will have free entry to half-clad families that have sent all their spare clothes in successive batches to the pawnbroker. To make matters worse, many of these unhappy people are thrown out of work, and are reduced to support nature on such short allowance as they may get from their parishes. Illness is very prevalent, and must inevitably spread. We read daily accounts of the annual harvest of winter mortality among those elderly persons in easy circumstances whose relations can afford to advertise their deaths in the columns of the papers. But what of the miserable rank and file to whom death comes often as a release to their families, and still more often as a blessing to themselves? Poor people who have been brought up to hardship die hard, but death must come very hard on them in such weather as this. Imagine the fate of a feeble invalid or a sickly child, suffering from an accumulation of bodily tortures in a damp and dismal room without firing, where the visits of the parish doctor are necessarily few and far between, and where the first things he would naturally prescribe would be food and fuel and warm bed-clothing. As it is, the utmost he can do is to send in a scanty supply of the simplest and cheapest medicines, supplemented by some dry loaves and a shilling or two. What a distance divides these forgotten objects of charity from the assiduous nurses who wait upon the richer classes—from the gentle attentions and the soothing draughts, the stimulants, the grapes, the arrowroot, and all the rest of it. Death in a sick chamber must generally be a slow and melancholy process; but to the very poor, in a season like the present, it means an intensity of tedious misery which we had better try to realize and relieve.

A severe winter has its cheerful side for many of us, and as their buoyant spirits answer to the bracing air, hardy and healthy persons are likely perhaps to be less thoughtful and sympathetic than usual. Even when the thick-falling snowflakes are drifting in the biting air, the flow of the blood is all the faster under the warm "Ulster" or the seal-skin jacket. There is positive exhilaration in being obliged to keep moving fast. In the country at least—however dreary things may be in London, where snow to-day means indescribable slush and filth to-morrow—everything looks bright and brilliant in its winter dress whenever the sun breaks forth from the thick clouds overhead. Sledges are brought out of their summer resting-places, and nothing can be more cheery than the swift, smooth motion of the runners to the enlivening melody of the chimes of bells. Curlers are busy on the frozen lakes and ponds of the North, blending all ranks in the neighbourhood in the boisterous joviality of "the roaring game." Before long, perhaps, the skaters will be out on the Southern waters, and never will they have had such a chance as this winter, down on the meres of the fenlands, and in some of the flooded midland counties. Shooting in a crisp frost is exceedingly enjoyable in its way, when you kick up the rabbits from under the crackling furze bushes, and especially where the woodcocks are plentiful in the coverts. Then all of these out-of-door enjoyments are so much preliminary preparation to the luxury of the return to the snug fireside. You

come in with tingling face and fingers to the glowing temperature, with a touch of the tropics in it, that awaits you in the well-warmed hall. If the great chimney-place is roaring and crackling with seasoned logs as well as with the best Walsend, so much the merrier. It is delightful to dally over your toilet as you divest yourself leisurely of your frozen clothes. Even with the least studios of mortals literature has a chance when the easy-chair is drawn to the cosy fire in the bedroom. Whether it be newspaper or magazine, philosophy, history, or the lightest of yellow-backed novels, any merits or charms the writer may possess are never likely to be more keenly appreciated. Then these intellectual pleasures give place in due course to the sensual. In spite of culpable indiscretions at lunch, you come down with the freshest of appetites to the well-spread dinner-table; if you are fortunate in your company, so much the better; if not, you have still an ample reserve fund of genial good temper, which makes you respond with calm complacency to any ordinary demands on it.

Possibly in that placid hour of luxurious solitude the book you were trifling with may drop from your hand, and you may philosophically contrast your own comforts with the very different lot of some of your fellow-creatures. Nor need your thoughts run only on the paupers and the poverty-stricken at home. As you sit wrapped in meditation and your dressing-gown, the inhabitants of two of the most mountainous countries in Europe have been driven by circumstances more or less cogent to abandon themselves to the extreme severities of the weather. The Carlists and the Christians of Bosnia and Herzegovina are both busily engaged in winter warfare. Of course our own soldiers have had their experience of winter campaigning, and the sorrows of our army in the Crimea would still be fresh in our memories even if Mr. Kinglake were not periodically reminding us of them. But, whatever the shortcomings of the English administration and commissariat, our men had always some sort of shelter and covering, and rations were supplied to them, though with some irregularity. A fleet of deep-laden transports lay within sight of their camp, and beyond these they looked to the sympathies of the English people and the purse and credit of the English Government. The Carlists and the Turkish Christians are very differently situated. As for the former, they contrive to feed and clothe themselves somehow, though the sources of their rough and ready supplies must be intermittent and precarious. They hold in their hands some towns and large villages that serve as store-houses, and there are roads in their country, such as they are. Experience tells them that they may get through this winter as they have got through previous winters. But even the Carlists must go through a routine of service that would be intolerable to less hardy or enthusiastic combatants. The latest accounts tell us that it is only by ceaseless watchfulness and incessant exposure that they make good a vast extent of open and semi-entrenched country against well-equipped enemies five times as numerous as themselves. The men lie out day and night, in knots and groups, in open trenches or on the bare hillside, and the winter climate in Navarre and the Basque provinces is proverbial for its extreme inclemency. But the Carlists, although condemned to a trying time of it as long as the Alfonsist generals choose to keep the field, are manœuvring in absolute paradise compared to the Turkish mountaineers. These last have for the most part got rid of their women and children; if they had not, starvation would probably by this time have relieved them of the weightier part of that burden. But for themselves, they are literally campaigning in the open. Their villages for the most part are roofless or have been razed to the ground, either wrecked by themselves in self-defence or destroyed by Turkish vengeance. Their simple strategy consists in occupying the passes that lead at a great elevation through depressions in their bleak hills. They must camp and sleep out in the snow, round fires heaped up with the fresh-cut fuel which they must find it well nigh impossible to keep alight. They left their homes in autumn with the clothes they carried on their backs, and can have had no means of replenishing their wardrobes since. Even sheepskin cloaks and shaggy breeches will scarcely resist constant wetting, and the ill-nourished bodies of the hardest men must in time grow sensitive to the inclemencies of the weather. How or whence they are found in food at all is a mystery; what is certain is that they must be keeping body and soul together on frightfully short commons. For the whole country must have been repeatedly swept by one side or the other before the snow set in, and now, even if they had any basis of supplies, they have no roads by which to forward them. Roads hardly exist there at the best of times. A recent traveller tells how he was jolted by bridle paths in summer from Senajero to Mostar in a rough cart, meeting in the whole eighty miles of his journey no other wheeled vehicle of any kind. We assume that the poor creatures will manage as a mass to struggle through the winter somehow, if no happy event brings a previous pacification. But many even of these hardy mountaineers must succumb, and the sufferings of those who survive will be terrible. By voluntarily condemning themselves to such an ordeal they give the best proof of the reality of the grievances they complain of. Without approving Carlist fanaticism, or expressing an opinion on the wisdom or reasonableness of the Bosnian revolt, we must, as a matter of simple humanity, wish all parties a milder winter than we seem likely to have, although possibly, so far as some of us are selfishly concerned, a low thermometer is not without its compensations.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATIN HYMN.

TO enjoy the sweetness of a Latin hymn it is by no means absolutely necessary to know Latin. The *Stabat Mater* has a sad and solemn sound even to people who do not know what *stabat*—perhaps not even what *mater*—means. Many are familiar with the wonderful words of the *Dies Irae*, and, whether from Scott or from some other translation or adaptation, have an inkling of their signification. But it is the sound, rather than the sense, which catches the attention. We lately found a Latin hymn quoted at some length by a lady in a popular children's story-book. But even as nothing is more solemn than a solemn poem in rhyming Latin, so too nothing has a more comic sound than a comic poem in the same style, and people will laugh at

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino,

not exactly knowing whether it is serious or funny. Such rhymes as Barnaby Rudge's, or Walter Map's, are always irresistible, while to many the Christmas Carol,

Orientis partibus
Adventavit asinus,

notwithstanding the sacredness of the subject and of the hymn tune to which it is sung, has a very doubtful sound, and scarcely conveys more religious impressions than

Partum quantum, perdecemum,
Perrimeri dictum, domine,

or any other macaronic chorus. Certain it is, however, that rhyming Latin has a peculiarly moving power, and though we are accustomed for the most part to look on it as only used for hymns or for satires, there is a considerable body of rhyming Latin verse in existence, though not in print, which will not fall into either class. The language which Latin became in the hands of the mediæval writers was peculiarly suited for poetical expression, and but few editors have yet given us specimens from manuscript sources. But with Greek the case is different. Though rhymes may be detected even in Homer, there has never, to the present day, been any decided attempt, except for satirical purposes, to write in rhyming Greek. The language falls readily into rhythm, and rhythm so sweet as apparently not to require either division into lines or rhymes at the end of regular periods. At first, therefore, the student of ancient hymnology is disappointed when he comes to look through a Parænetice or an Octoechus for rhyming hymns. There are none. Everything is in prose—in such prose, that is, as our Prayer-book version of the Psalms, where divisions are marked in every verse for chanting, and where a certain dignity of sound, as well as of meaning, is aimed at. In some modern Greek service books there are rhyming hymns, but of very inferior quality, and evidently intended chiefly to catch the ears of the most ignorant class. The old Greek hymns for the most part are arranged in sets, like the Odes of Pindar, or like those of Gray in our own language; but others are in separate portions or *idiomela*, and it is from an *idiomelon*, or rather from a series of *idiomela*, that Dr. Neale ostensibly translated the beautiful English hymn "Art thou weary?" now rendered into rhyming Latin by Mr. Gladstone.

Dr. Neale had peculiar ideas on the subject of translation. He had perhaps a modest feeling about his own compositions which sometimes led him to call a hymn a translation if it was suggested by one in Greek or Latin. Now and then no doubt he did translate, carefully, even literally. But oftener he made a paraphrase. His object was to produce hymns for use in English churches, and he succeeded admirably. Were it only for his "Jerusalem the Golden," we should have to thank him. He calls it, indeed, a translation. But, apart from questions of metre and rendering, how can a lyric hymn be a translation of an epic poem in hexameters? Even Milton's glorious hymns in *Paradise Lost* are not suited for congregational worship. Dr. Neale took liberties with his original. He picked out of a poem of some three thousand lines a few here and there, and from them he formed first the beautiful cento published under the name of the "Rhythm of S. Bernard"—though why "S." we know not—and afterwards those most tuneable lines which every child now knows by heart as "Jerusalem the Golden." A somewhat similar process gave us the "Art thou weary?" But the English represents the Greek "*Kónor te kai káparos*" but slightly, and in the last edition of his *Hymns of the Eastern Church* Dr. Neale expressly says of three hymns that they should be in an appendix, and promises to put them there in a future edition. They are all hymns which have become popular, and are well known, as "O happy band of pilgrims," "Safe home in port," and "Art thou weary?" His death prevented the realization of this plan. But, in considering Mr. Gladstone's or any other version of the lines, we may put the Greek completely aside, and look upon the English hymn as virtually the composition of Dr. Neale.

Mr. Gladstone is not the first to have seen the capabilities of Dr. Neale's verses for expression in rhyming Latin. Some time ago one of the principal contributors to the *Latin Year** also translated them as part of a series in progress. We have this version before us, and are glad of the opportunity it gives us of criticizing Mr. Gladstone's work from an advantageous standpoint. It is not, as our readers are aware, his first appearance as a translator in this style. His rendering of "Rock of Ages" is well known and deservedly admired. Like some of Dr. Neale's translations, it is

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in places a paraphrase, and sometimes scarcely even that. The beautiful and appropriate image which Toplady put, so to speak, in the fore-front of his hymn, is lost sight of by the translator. Instead of opening with the line

we read
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Jesus, pro me perforatus.

This may be defended on good grounds. Mr. Gladstone knows how much depends in a hymn on the sweetness and smoothness of the opening line. Mr. Ingham Black's version may be seen in Mr. Coutier Biggs's well-known volume of *Annotations on Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Though more literal, Mr. Black fails of the sweetness required at the beginning:—

Mihi fissa, Rupes diva !

Although more literal, this falls far short of Mr. Gladstone's opening line.

But sweetness may be carried too far. And we think it has been carried too far in the hymn now published in the *Contemporary Review*. This is the first verse:—

Scis te lassum ? scis languentem ?
Luctu contristaris ?
Audin' "Veni, vieni sique
Pace perfruaris."

This runs as smoothly as possible—as smoothly, that is, as Dr. Neale's lines; but smoothness may be purchased at too heavy a price. An English note of interrogation is not enough to make a Latin interrogative. That it is possible to make good Latin of the verse and at the same time to deprive it of none of its smoothness is proved by the version to which we referred above:—

Tune fessus—tune pressus
Curâ stas edace ?—
"Ad Me veni, sique leni,"
Es Qui dixit, "pace."

Whether the double rhymes here are an improvement or not, it would be difficult to say. But they add to the ease and flow of the metre, and are highly characteristic of Latin sacred poetry. The next verses follow in both renderings, Mr. Gladstone's being distinguished by the letter G:—

| | |
|--|---|
| G. Notas habet, quas agnôrim Istum consecutus ? | "Ecquid habet Hic, quo stabit Signo Dux notatus ?" |
| "Manus, Plantæ, cruentatæ Cruentatum Latius." | Vide lassa, quondam cæsa, Manus, pedes, latus. |
| Ecquid portat, pro corona Quæ Monarchas ornat ? | "Huicne tegi, tanquam regi, Gestit auro crinis ?" |
| "Diadema, sed spinarum, Fontem Hanc adornat." | Fronti bona stat corona, Texta tamen spinis. |
| Sin obnitar, sin attingam, Qui remunerabit ? | "Agnituro, secuturo Quis in terris fructus ?" |
| "Luctus, fletus, ac laborum Largitatem dabit." | En labores, en dolores Oculique fluctus. |
| Sin obstrictus adhærebo, Quis in fine status ? | "Per tot demum quid supremum Servaturo manum ?" |
| "Vix meta, luctus fuga, Labor exantlatus." | Vis victoris, pax doloris, Via per Jordanum. |
| Si receptum supplicissim, Votum exaudiret ? | "Dic an, orem si favorem, Spernet quæ petantur." |
| "Quancumque Terra, quancumque Cælum In ruinam iret." | Terræ, cæli, cuncta, deli Prius destinantur. |
| Persistentem, præluctantem Certus est beare ? | "Tum si surgam, sequar, pergam, Hicne beatus ?" |
| "Vates quisque, Martyr, Virgo, Angelus testare !" | Quot et quanti dicunt Sancti, "Sis de hoc securus !" |

It is a question how far either translator has succeeded. In the last verse, for example, Mr. Gladstone must be allowed to have but partially succeeded, though his last two lines are good; while the second translator, though his composition and even his rhythm are superior, yet does not convey the full meaning of the original. Another objection may perhaps be made to the rhyme—

Quot et quanti dicunt Sancti ;

but Mr. Gladstone has avoided such difficulties by having only two rhymes instead of three in each verse. It will also be perceived that the two translators are at issue as to the marks of quotation. Mr. Gladstone follows Dr. Neale in placing them at the third and fourth lines. Notwithstanding this authority, we must confess to a preference for the second arrangement, if only for the clearness which it imparts in the first and last verses. Mr. Gladstone's fourth verse, too, is, we think, superior. His

"Luctus fletus ac laborum
Largitatem dabit."

being a very happy rendering of

What his guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

But we must find serious fault with his management of the pronouns. In this the second translator has been very careful. But Mr. Gladstone uses indifferently "Iste," as in the second verse, or "Hic," as in the third; while in other places he has nothing at all.

CHARITY AND THE CLERGY.

WHEN the Charity Organization Society was first set on foot, its founders believed, with the enthusiasm natural to reformers, that if the more excellent way of relieving distress could be set before benevolent persons, it would be at once appreciated and adopted. Those who have followed the Society's fortunes will have seen how greatly the inveteracy of old errors as to the nature of charity was underestimated. With all the experience that has since been gained, it is almost startling to find the original view of the Society's functions put forward the other day at Southampton with as much apparent confidence as though nothing had happened to discredit it. Southampton has been somewhat exercised lately about the alleged prevalence of pauperism in the town. We shall not attempt to decide between the rival versions that have been given of the ratio of paupers to population, or of the amount actually expended on poor relief. Whichever calculation is adopted, it seems indisputable that there is in Southampton a great deal of injudicious relief, both by the Guardians and by private persons. No place seems to need a Charity Organization Society more, and it is hardly possible but that some good should follow from the establishment of one. But when it is said, just as it might have been said ten years ago, that the object of such a Society is not to interfere with the funds or the method of distribution of any charity, but simply to obtain perfect information and freely to give it, it is hard not to wonder at the robustness of the faith which still believes that this is all a Charity Organization Society has to do in order to ensure the triumph of its principles. It is true, no doubt, that charity wants organization, and that there are many charitable agencies going over the same ground and working in the same field from simple ignorance of one another's operations. It is true, also, that charitable agencies have not usually the means of checking imposition, and that a Society which makes it its business to inquire into the characters and antecedents of the applicants referred to it by local charities can at least ensure that, if alms are given to undeserving people, they shall be given with the eyes open. But that the mere establishment of such a Society in Southampton or elsewhere will put an end to injudicious charity, even on the part of persons who are actually members of the Society, is exceedingly unlikely. It will be found that, what with dislike to see distress without relieving it, and what with mistaken views either of political economy or of the demands of Christian duty, the chief result of organizing charity will be the discovery that the largest part of it refuses to be organized. The mass of ignorance and prejudice existing on this subject is infinitely larger than it is supposed to be. There is abundance of declamation directed against indiscriminate charity, but the declaimers are constantly ready to argue that the particular variety of indiscriminate charity for which they themselves have an affection has some claim to be exempted from the condemnation. Ladies have been known to sit silent at a district visitors' meeting and hear arrangements made for the relief of a particular family on the supposition that it has no other assistance, they themselves being well aware all the time that they are in the habit of relieving this very family out of their own pockets. They know that they are allowing the money of the association to be given away under a misconception; they know that they are encouraging their clients to suppress the fact that they have any means of support beyond the sums given them by the district visitor; they know that a suppression of this kind is simply a mode of obtaining money under false pretences. Yet all this knowledge is not sufficient to overcome the temptation of getting a little more money for a favourite "case." In comparison with the luxury of giving, neither the sacrifice of their own truthfulness nor the inevitable demoralization of those in whom they are interested counts for anything. This, it may be hoped, is an extreme instance; but honest declarations of a determination not to be bound by the principles which the Charity Organization Society used to assume need only be presented to obtain universal acceptance are to be met with wherever the subject of almsgiving comes under discussion.

At the meeting at Southampton to which reference has been made such declarations seem to have taken a slightly novel form. Two of the clergy present are described as saying that, whatever laymen might do in the way of distinguishing between deserving and undeserving cases, the clergy ought to know no difference between them. They were bound to relieve undeserving persons, and, as a matter of fact, they habitually did relieve them. As regards the statement of clerical practice, we are quite willing to accept this testimony. But, as regards the principle of the distinction here set up, we can conceive nothing better calculated to introduce mischievous confusion into the whole theory of almsgiving. If the laity may confine their benevolence to those who merit it, whereas the clergy must put considerations of merit aside, indiscriminate charity becomes at once a sort of counsel of perfection, an act of virtue too heroic indeed to be exacted of common everyday people, but which may not unreasonably be looked for from men who, by entering the ecclesiastical state, have devoted themselves in a special manner to a religious life. To put indiscriminate charity on this pinnacle is really to preach it in a most subtle and alluring form. What those who aim highest ought to do may be done by all, and probably will be done by many. If the only objection to indiscriminate charity is that it is an intrusion upon the province of the clergy, indiscriminate charity will continue to be largely administered by clergy and laity alike.

The mistake which those who set up this mischievous distinction make is mainly one of words. Scripture is often appealed to in order to show that men are bidden to do good to the just and to the unjust. There is no objection to the principle invoked if those who invoke it would be at the pains to remember that to demoralize a man, to encourage him in idleness or drunkenness, to teach him to look for support to the charity of others, instead of to his own labours and self-denial, is to do him, not good, but evil. There is a time, it is true, when we are bound to relieve even undeserving cases, but that is when they are in actual destitution, and when it is not safe to wait until they can be relieved by the agencies which the law provides for cases of destitution. Just as it would be wrong to leave a man to drown because it is drunkenness that has made him fall into the water, so it would be equally wrong to leave a man to starve because it is drunkenness that has brought him to starvation. But if by relieving him you merely give him the means of getting drunk again, or protect him from the hunger which would otherwise await him as the consequence of his drunkenness, you are not doing him any real service. On the contrary, you are perhaps saving him from that physical suffering which may lead him to mend his ways. The arguments by which such almsgiving is sometimes defended would go to justify giving weapons to a lunatic or poisoned sweetmeats to a child. The condition which is alleged in support of indiscriminate charity—the existence of a craving on the part of the person to whom the gift is made—is equally present in each of these cases; while the condition which makes it a duty to refuse the gift—the knowledge that it will do harm to the object of it—is equally present in cases of indiscriminate charity. If it is objected that much of the relief which is given to undeserving cases is only relief of actual destitution, the answer is that, so long as the law provides a special machinery for the relief of actual destitution, this is not a true statement of the facts. Undeserving persons can be kept from starving in the workhouse, and those who help to keep them out of the workhouse are really doing more than relieving destitution—they are relieving it in a way which is agreeable to the person relieved. So long as these elementary considerations are unappreciated by the Southampton clergy, a Charity Organization Society, if it wishes to be of real service, must do more than bring existing charitable agencies into mutual communication. It must have the courage to differentiate these agencies from one another, and to protest against those which are going against St. Paul's maxim, and enabling men who will not work to eat the bread of idleness.

CROSSED CHEQUES.

THE custom as to crossed cheques which existed before the statutes on the subject was that, when a cheque was crossed, bankers generally refused to pay it to any one except a banker; and, if they did pay it to a person not a banker, they considered that they did it at their peril in the event of the party to whom the payment was made not being entitled to receive it. The object of crossing was to secure the payment, not to any particular banker, but to some banker, in order that it might be easily traced for whose use the money was received; and it was not intended thereby at all to restrict the circulation or negotiability of the cheque, but merely to compel the holder to present it through a firm of known responsibility and credit. The crossing was a mere memorandum on the face of the cheque, and formed no part of the instrument itself, and in no way altered its effect. There could be no doubt that this custom was highly beneficial to the public. Cheques are in many respects treated as bank-notes, for which they have been largely substituted; but they are liable to be lost or stolen, and may get into the hands of persons who are not entitled to receive payment of them. It was manifestly a protection to the real owner that there should exist the means of tracing for whose use the money paid on the cheque was received, and the payment through bankers secured this object. The custom as thus described might be maintained without restricting the negotiability of cheques, and in the event of a banker paying a crossed cheque otherwise than through a banker, the circumstance of his so paying it would be strong evidence of negligence in an action against him. Suppose a customer of a bank to draw and cross a cheque, intending to pay it to a person to whom he was indebted, and afterwards, and before handing it over to his creditor, he lost it, or it was stolen from him; if the cheque was presented otherwise than through a banker, then, according to the custom, it would not be paid; but, if presented by a banker, it would be paid. The necessity of placing the cheque in the hands of a banker would oppose some impediment to the fraudulent holder in dealing with the cheque, and would aid in enabling the drawer to recover back the money in the event of his being entitled to do so. On the other hand, if the banker disregarded the custom and paid that cheque to a private person, that circumstance would be strong evidence against him in the event of his seeking to charge his customer with the payment, if the person actually presenting it was not the lawful holder of the cheque. But the lawful holder is of necessity entitled to receive payment. He could not sue the drawee unless the drawee had accepted the cheque, which is not usual; but he could sue the drawer for non-payment if he was the holder for value.

This description of the custom of crossing cheques is substanti-

ally taken from the judgment of a Court which held that there was no legal objection to the custom thus understood on the ground of its being repugnant to the essential quality of a cheque—namely, its negotiability. This description was adopted by another Court in a case in which the drawer of a cheque crossed it with the words "& Co." and sent it to the plaintiffs, who were solicitors. The plaintiffs wrote "Messrs. A." before the words "& Co.," and handed the cheque to one of their clerks to be paid to their account at that bank. The clerk requested the defendant to cash the cheque for him as it was crossed, and he had no banker through whom he could present it for payment. The defendant said that he would pay the cheque to his bankers, Messrs. B., and as soon as it was cashed, he would pay the clerk the money, and he afterwards paid him the amount. The clerk appropriated part of the money, an action was brought for the "conversion" of the cheque, and the Judge told the jury at the trial that the question for them to consider was whether the defendant took the cheque *bona fide* and gave value for it, without any knowledge that it had been fraudulently obtained by the clerk, or reasonable ground for doubting that he had authority to transfer it. The jury found for the defendant, and the Court upheld the verdict. This appears to have been a case of what is called "double crossing." It is not stated that the defendant actually wrote "Messrs. B." on the cheque, which already bore the inscriptions "Messrs. A." and "& Co.," but he paid it to Messrs. B., and it went from them to the drawees, who paid it and returned it to the drawer cancelled as paid. The practice of crossing originated at the Clearing House, and if the cheque had been taken there by a clerk of Messrs. B., he would have written their names on the cheque before handing it to the drawees, so that the term "double crossing" seems appropriate.

It has been said by a learned Judge that the first statute as to crossed cheques was probably an attempt to perform the impossible feat of making a cheque payable to bearer not payable to bearer. It has been also said that this statute, which was passed a few months after the decision of the above-mentioned case, was passed in consequence of that decision, although it leaves the law as declared by the Court untouched. The statute, reciting that it is expedient to enable drawers or holders of cheques "effectually to direct" payment, to be made only "to or through" some banker, enacts that, where a draft on any banker made payable to bearer or to order on demand, "bears" across its face an addition of the name of any banker, or of the words "& Co.," such addition shall have the force of a direction to the drawees that the same is to be paid only "to or through" some banker, "and the same shall be payable only to or through some banker." In the case referred to the cheque was paid to the defendant through Messrs. B.; so it was paid through "some banker" as the statute, afterwards passed, required. The defendant in that case kept a tavern in Fleet Street, and the clerk who appropriated part of the proceeds of the cheque was one of his customers. When it appeared that the "negotiability" of a cheque enabled a fraud of this nature to be committed, there were probably letters in the newspapers, and a feeling that something ought to be done, although nobody could tell exactly what. The question of *bona fides* was left to the jury, and they found for the defendant. Some persons might think that the defendant ought not to have taken from a solicitor's clerk a cheque for 48*l.*, which he might have suspected belonged to the employer; and if those persons could contrive a form of words which would prevent such transactions, without interfering with the negotiability of cheques, they ought to exercise their valuable talent in drafting Bills for Parliament. The authors of the statutes on this subject would be much benefited by such assistance, for although "the ease of commerce, the security of property, and the prevention of crime" were supposed to require this legislation, yet, as the Lord Chancellor lately noticed, the draftsman has carelessly blundered in the second statute on the subject. However, the first statute was passed in 1856, and a case soon occurred to test it. A cheque was drawn payable to bearer, crossed with "& Co.," inclosed in a letter, and sent by post. The letter was not delivered, the cheque was presented at the bank on which it was drawn, and was paid, the crossing having been obliterated. The erasure was not noticed by the paying clerk, although, if he had held it up to the light, he might have seen it. The drawer brought an action against the bank which had charged him in account with the amount of the cheque, but a verdict was found under the Judge's direction for the defendant. The jury found that there was no negligence either on the part of the plaintiff or of the bank. The cheque did not, in fact, "bear" the crossing when presented, and therefore the Court held that the defendants were not prohibited from paying it otherwise than through a banker. The Court also held that the crossing was no part of the cheque, but an independent addition, and consequently an alteration in it was no forgery. If the crossing was part of the cheque, so that the erasure of it would amount to a forgery of another and different cheque from that which the plaintiff drew, then the plaintiff never drew the cheque that was paid, and the defendants could not claim credit for it in account. But the Court rejected this view.

Hereupon the second statute was passed in 1858, and it was thereby enacted that whenever a cheque payable to bearer, or to order, on demand, should be issued crossed with a banker's name or with "& Co.," such crossing should be deemed a material part of the cheque, and, except as thereafter mentioned, should not be obliterated, or added to, or altered by any person after the issuing thereof, and the drawee should not pay such cheque to any other than the banker whose name appeared on it, or, if the same were

crossed "& Co.," to any other than a banker. The statute further enacted that whenever a cheque should be issued uncrossed, or should be crossed "& Co.," a lawful holder might cross it with a banker's name, and, whenever a cheque should be uncrossed, a lawful holder might cross the same "& Co." with or without a banker's name; and any such crossing should be deemed a material part of the cheque, and should not be obliterated or added to or altered by any person after the making thereof, and the drawee should not pay such cheque to any other than the banker with whose name it should be so crossed. It will be seen that, if the drawer issues a cheque uncrossed, and a holder crosses it "& Co.," a case arises which the statute has left unprovided for. The effect of these enactments, however, is that the drawer may cross specially or generally, and a holder, if the cheque is either uncrossed or crossed generally, may cross in the one case either specially or generally, and in the other case may cross specially; and the drawee may pay only, when the crossing is special, to the bank, and, when the crossing is general, to a bank. This, we take it, is what the authors of the Act meant to say, although they have not succeeded in saying it without a blunder. It appears, however, that legislation still falls short of what some persons more conversant with trade than with law expect from it. The recent decision in *Smith v. The Union Bank* was inevitable, and yet it has excited surprise, and even alarm. The facts were that a cheque was drawn on the Union Bank payable to Smith's order, Smith endorsed his name on the cheque, crossed it with the name of his own bankers, the London and County Bank, and sent it by his servant to be paid to his account at that bank. The cheque was stolen from Smith's servant, got into the hands of a *bonâ fide* holder for value—say, Brown—and was paid by Brown to his account at the London and Westminster Bank. This bank presented it to the Union Bank, on which it was drawn, and the Union Bank, not observing that the cheque was crossed "London and County Bank," paid the amount of it to the London and Westminster Bank. For this oversight Smith sought to make the Union Bank liable, and his case was put in two ways in argument; he claimed damages either for breach of a statutory duty, or for "conversion" of the cheque. It is clear, however, that he could recover in neither way, and it is astonishing to find that so much can be written from a commercial point of view on what appears to lawyers a plain case.

As it was assumed by both the Courts which heard the case that Brown was a *bonâ fide* holder of the cheque, we rest contented with that assumption, which, however, one writer questions on the ground that nobody can take a specially crossed cheque without suspecting fraud. His view seems to be that cheques thus crossed are merely intended to make payments, and not to pass from hand to hand. But suppose you owe a bill to a tradesman and send him a cheque for the amount crossed with the name of a firm which used to be, but are not now, his bankers. He, not liking to trouble you to draw another cheque, gets the cheque presented by means of a friend who keeps an account with the firm named upon it. This is a legitimate transaction. The same writer speaks of the case under consideration as one of "double crossing," but the use of that term does not help him. The name of the London and Westminster Bank was not actually written on the cheque, but it was undoubtedly presented by them to the drawee, who paid it, both negligently and in breach of their statutory duty. This is the utmost that can be made of the case. The duty was owed not to Smith but to the drawer, and Smith could not show that he was damaged, because Brown was the *bonâ fide* holder. The suggestion seems to be that, if the Union Bank had been properly vigilant, inquiry might have been started, which might have resulted in showing that Brown was not the *bonâ fide* holder. We have already declined to enter upon that inquiry. As regards the supposed "conversion" of the cheque, the answer is in effect the same: If Brown was the *bonâ fide* holder, Smith was not entitled to the possession, and therefore could not sue under this form. Brown was entitled to be paid in some way, and as he got his money, it matters not how he got it. That is the effect of the decision, which has been given in convenient time for a third experiment in legislation. *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, and even Parliament cannot do two opposite things at the same time.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

It might be wished that the exhibitors at the Cattle Show would deal more fully than they do with one of the chief necessities of the time. We see big roots which were grown by specified manures, and huge beasts which were fed upon specified roots; but we do not see that much progress has been made in converting into a fertilizing power that which is rapidly becoming an intolerable nuisance. We happened lately to hear a discussion as to the utility of the sewage farms which are being formed at several places in the valley of the Thames, and it was insisted that these expensive undertakings were unnecessary, because the farmers of the neighbourhood would cart away the night-soil for manure and be glad to get it. It was answered that the farmers would only take this article when it suited them to fetch it, whereas the need for its removal exists and increases daily. We fear that this answer was only too just and forcible, but it is nevertheless true that, under arrangements which have now become obsolete, farmers did profitably dispose of that which now causes endless trouble and expense. The constituents of manure exist in

overwhelming profusion everywhere, and yet it has not hitherto been found generally practicable to turn them to profitable account. To judge from publications addressed principally to farmers, the agricultural mind is now greatly exercised on the subject of the politics of Peru. An advertising firm announce that they offer "Dissolved Peruvian Government Guano," guaranteed to be of a certain quality, and samples of this guano were exhibited in the Agricultural Hall, and "naturally attracted much attention after all that has been written about Peru." We should certainly prefer the guarantee of this firm to that of the Government whose manure it sells. Farmers are assured that, "whatever may lie in the distant future," present stocks and shipments on the way will supply sufficient good guano for some years to come. But this of course is on the supposition that the road will continue open, and thus we work round to the great question of the British navy and its management. Admiring, as every visitor must do, the beautiful stands of mangold and turnips in this Exhibition, it is still unsatisfactory to reflect that these triumphs of root-cropping can only be produced by using a manure collected from islands in the Pacific Ocean. We would rather see a result less imposing to the eye, if we could be assured that home resources sufficed for its production. Farmers are advised to turn their attention to meat rather than corn, and undoubtedly the stands of roots at this Show deserved on this account careful study. We cannot help thinking, however, that the roots grown on sewage farms were, if not the finest, the most interesting specimens in the collection. The firm which imports its own fish guano direct from the American fisheries, is perhaps superior to anxiety as to the proceedings of the Peruvian or any other Government. Where all the bones are found which are crushed to make manure for farmers we have not the least idea. Somebody has said, that in case of invasion, we could "plough in the proud invader," and thus compensate our soil for any interruption of the importation of guano. It might be feared, however, that our population would starve before the process of converting the bones of our enemies into beef could be completed; and therefore it would be interesting to know whether the growth of roots upon sewage farms has succeeded in the judgment of impartial critics. Prejudice, which is not unnatural, perhaps hinders the recognition of their success. It is a pity that sewage cannot be manufactured into portable manure which might be called by a fine name and shown by sample at this show. Several persons have thought that they had solved this problem, but they have mostly failed to persuade anybody else to think so. Experiments in the application of sewage to root crops will necessarily become more frequent, and they deserve attention and encouragement from all agricultural societies. A paper on "Root Crops" read before the Farmers' Club by Dr. Voelcker contains useful remarks upon this subject. He condemns the "childish practice" of exhibiting monster roots at agricultural shows and giving prizes for them, and he states that monster roots are watery, poor in sugar, and almost useless for feeding purposes. It must be observed, however, that exhibitors rely not so much upon the size as upon the weight per acre of their roots. We can readily believe that, with manure and elbow-room, there is no great art needed to grow monster mangolds; and the most admired results, whether in crops or animals, at these shows, are always open to the suspicion that they are mere fancy farming, on which a rich man may amuse himself, but a poor man would starve.

Town sewage, says Dr. Voelcker, is a most useful fertilizer for root crops, especially for mangolds, provided it be applied to the land at the right time, and in the proper quantities. It may be employed with great advantage repeatedly in large doses during the first two or three months of the growth of the root crops. In dry springs, especially, the liberal application of sewage cannot fail to be of the utmost utility to farmers who can command a supply of this liquid fertilizer. It thus encourages an early, luxuriant, and healthy development of leaves, by which sugar is afterwards elaborated from atmospheric food, and stored up in the roots. Almost any quantity of town sewage may be applied to root crops during the first two months of their growth, but subsequently, and more especially when the bulbs have reached a considerable size, sewage should be withheld, for otherwise the crops will not properly ripen, and will not be worth much for feeding purposes. It is important to bear in mind that the more completely the supply of soil-food is withheld during the late summer months, the more fully the roots will ripen, and the richer they will become in sugar. If Dr. Voelcker is right in this view, it is probable that some experiments in root-growing on sewage farms have failed from overdoing the supply. Unfortunately, perhaps, that supply is always on hand, and something must be done with it, and the breadth of land to which it can be applied is necessarily limited by the expense of pumps and piping. Town sewage has been held in bad repute by some farmers with whom Dr. Voelcker's opinion should have weight. He thinks that ill success with sewage as manure for mangolds is due to injudicious use rather than to any inherent bad qualities which it possesses. Examination has shown him that perfectly sound and nutritious roots may be grown with town sewage.

We have dwelt on this subject because it is more important than alluring, and because there cannot be fine cattle without plenty of good food. But we must not be supposed to be insensible to the more picturesque features of the Cattle Show, nor do we forget that it is interesting not only to us islanders, but to the whole English-speaking world. Australia sends home for short-horns, and Jersey cattle of pure breed, which in some sense are

English, are imported into the United States. There is an American Jersey Club which keeps a registry of the breed. A recent item of home news is the establishment of a "Longhorn Society," which will keep a Herd Book of that breed. At a meeting held for this laudable purpose, a speaker coming from a western county where long-horns are unknown bore testimony to the worth of the breed, and enthusiastically declared that Devonshire cream could be made as well in Derbyshire as in the West. It is remarkable that neither this "old-established breed," as its admirers call it, nor the Jersey breed were represented at the Show. The short-horns maintain their character by taking the three highest prizes in the Show, and the reputation of this breed may be truly called world-wide; for on looking over the last number of the *Farmer* we find "Short-horn Notes" derived from western and middle States of the Union. A herd of short-horns is to be sold by auction at West Liberty, Iowa, in April next. A sale was held lately at Dexter Park, Chicago, and animals were purchased at it for Indiana, and at another sale at Paris, Kentucky, purchases were made for Illinois and Iowa. We are glad to find that at least one species of aristocracy is favoured in America. Many new breeders are coming forward, and one of them purchased a bull, Breastplate, at 6,100 dollars. This is nothing to the international competition that has been going on for a roan heifer calf now little more than four months old. She was bought for 3,000*l.*; then sold to Messrs. Spears and Son of Tallula, Illinois, for 3,150*l.*, and then sold by them to Mr. George Fox of Harefield, Cheshire, for 3,960*l.* We almost tremble to think that this truly golden calf might die of foot and mouth disease like mere common beef. A Correspondent of the *Farmer*, who has the invaluable faculty of writing about his pet subject as if it were the most interesting in the world, describes the premature birth of a white cow calf lately at Kimbolton Castle. There were small hopes of its living many minutes, but the "little helpless thing" was wrapped in flannel and placed before the kitchen fire in the farmhouse, where after the lapse of many hours its faint bleatings began to be heard. By careful attention and good nursing it was able to get on its feet to receive the Correspondent, who reports it to be a well-formed calf of good size, and looking much like living. It would ill become us to sneer at a narrative which will be read with interest in Illinois and Iowa. Perhaps the Atlantic telegraph may have informed American breeders of short-horned cattle that mother and child at Kimbolton Castle were doing well. The Correspondent expresses his confident belief that breeding of this kind will pay the Duke of Manchester, as it will all farmers having sufficient capital, intelligence, and enterprise. We heartily wish he may be right, but we should have hesitated to suggest anything so vulgar as profit in connexion with short-horns. But if the prospect for a new breeder is so hopeful, the condition of breeders in general cannot be desperate. Their organs in the press insist strongly on the necessity for slaughtering foreign infected cattle at the port of landing, and, on the other hand, some of the Liberal papers are arguing against this measure, as if it were a question between town and country. We think this is a mistake, as the supply of meat is equally important to town and country, and the interest of all classes in this question, if properly understood, would appear to be the same. We will make, in conclusion, a suggestion—about the last that a cattle show would be likely to inspire—that dearness of meat should be met by economy of consumption. An agricultural paper, with laudable candour, publishes an argument that English people in general eat too much animal food.

REVIEWS.

VICTORIAN POETS.*

A QUESTION fairly raised by this volume is, Whether elaborate criticism of contemporary literature is in and for itself a very desirable thing, or at least so desirable as to repay the great expenditure of reflection and labour which it must involve if it is conscientiously done? That question, however, we do not intend to discuss at present. It is a fact that this is a critical age, and that the kind of work is in vogue, and, like all things in vogue, is often done ill; and, whether our own taste is much drawn towards it or not, we ought to be thankful to those who do it with competent skill and understanding, with honesty of purpose, and with diligence and thoroughness of execution. And Mr. Stedman, having chosen to work in this line, deserves the thanks of English scholars by these qualities and by something more. He may not have the large wisdom, or the keen insight and delicate touch, which accompany literary judgment of the highest kind, and make even criticism almost creative, and which are seldom found apart from considerable powers of original production. But he is faithful, studious, and discerning; of a sane and reasonable temper, and in the main a judicial one; his judgment is disciplined and exercised, and his decisions, even when one cannot agree with them, are based on intelligible grounds. Of the actual amount of work put into the book we can form only the roughest estimate. Mr. Stedman gives brief, but obviously well considered, accounts of many of the lesser lights of recent English poetry, in

which we freely confess ourselves unable to follow him as not having read the authors in question, and, after the perusal of Mr. Stedman's estimates of them, the general correctness of which we see no reason to doubt, feeling more than ever justified in not intending to read them. And here we certainly recognize one practical use of work like Mr. Stedman's, though of course not the highest he aims at. The critic whose friendly beacon warns the reader off barren coasts, and enables him to say without misgiving, "I shall not read this," does an undoubted service to mankind. The writing, too, is good and careful. The only things we are disposed to quarrel with are a frequent use of that mysterious adjective *Gothic*—apparently with a meaning fluctuating between mediæval, Teutonic, ecclesiastical, and grotesque, but never quite fixed to any of them—and the both incorrect and ugly substitution of *phenomenal* for startling or extraordinary, which last is the more provoking inasmuch as Mr. Stedman can use the word in its correct and proper sense when he thinks fit. We now turn to some of the more prominent points of his criticism.

The principles asserted in the preface and other introductory statements are sensible if not novel, and their expression is adequate, indeed, if anything, too elaborate. In the general review of the Victorian period we find a not very fruitful discussion of a supposed conflict between poetry and science. On the strength of particular expressions which no doubt were aimed at particular abuses of the æsthetic faculty, Professor Huxley is rather gratuitously set up as an antagonist of poetry; and it seems that even young poets "throw aside their lyres" for the fascination of the last scientific essay. In spite of this complaint, it is the simple fact that poetry was never more generally read and appreciated than it is at present. We have only to look back fifty years or thereabouts, to the time when men of the calibre of Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt so far despaired of English readers and the English language as to take seriously in hand tasks like modernizing the *Canterbury Tales*, and concocting tales from Shakespeare which, if now undertaken, could be food for nothing but inextinguishable laughter. Again, we find Mr. Stedman reasserting the familiar dogma that great works of imagination are the product of an age of faith; a dogma which needs only to be confronted with the name of *Faust*, and which it might even be difficult to reconcile with the Elizabethan drama. At last, however, Mr. Stedman does come to the obviously right conclusion:—

Finally, the poet must always have a separate and independent province, for the spirit of Nature is best revealed by an expression of her phenomena and not by analysis of her processes. Visible beauty exalts our emotions far more than a dissection of the wondrous and intricate system beneath it.

He goes on to say, in effect, that he supposes poetry will assimilate science some day, but the time is not ripe for it, thereby showing to our mind that he has greatly missed the significance of many passages in *Songs before Sunrise*. It appears, in fact, from his express mention of the book afterwards, that he gives no special eminence to two poems in it—"The Pilgrims" and "Tiresias"—which seem to us by far the best.

A fair proportion of space is given to Mr. Matthew Arnold, whom Mr. Stedman considers above all a "poet of the intellect"; his judgment is concentrated in the neat remark that Mr. Arnold has "almost falsified the adage that a poet is born, and not made." But he goes too far, we think, in denying success to the lyrical poems. The account of Mrs. Browning shows a peculiar art in critical writing, possibly caught from Mr. Swinburne, who is wonderfully ingenious with it. This consists in beginning with exuberant praise of generals, and gradually whittling it away with criticism of particulars, yet so that no single criticism appears in itself to be otherwise than benevolent. We pass to what is naturally among the most studied and finished parts of the work—namely, that which deals with Mr. Tennyson. Mr. Stedman regards him as the very type of a complete and fortunate artist, who to a Greek mind would be in danger of the envy of the gods—a poet who may be contended with in this or that special field, but for development and perfection of the art of poetry stands unrivalled. Thus he says:—

Tennyson's original and fastidious art is of itself a theme for an essay. The poet who studies it may well despair; he never can excel it, and is tempted to a reactionary carelessness, trusting to make his individuality felt thereby. Its strength is that of perfection; its weakness, the over-perfection which marks a still-life painter. Here is the absolute sway of metre, compelling every rhyme and measure needful to the thought; here are sinuous alliterations, unique and varying breaks and pauses, winged flights and falls, the glory of sound and colour, everywhere present, or, if missing, absent of the poet's free will. Art so complex was not possible until centuries of literature had passed, and an artist could overlook the field, essay each style, and evolve a metrical result which should be to that of earlier periods what the music of Meyerbeer and Rossini is to the narrower range of Piccini or Gluck.

Again, the chapter ends by speaking of Mr. Tennyson as—

Finally, an artist so perfect in a widely extended range, that nothing of his work can be spared, and, in this respect, approaching Horace and out-vying Pope; not one of the great wits nearly allied to madness, yet possibly to be accepted as a wiser poet, serene above the frenzy of the storm; certainly to be regarded, in time to come, as, all in all, the fullest representative of the refined, speculative, complex Victorian age.

This seems to us in the main just and well put.

Elsewhere Mr. Tennyson's improvements on his early work are rightly held up for the rebuke of those pre-Raffaellites of poetry who, having attained so far as to do something like this early work, only not quite so good, are indignant with Mr. Tennyson for having gone beyond it. We agree with a good deal of what is said of particular works, and can on the whole commend Mr. Stedman's

* *Victorian Poets*. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

judgment as a wise and temperate one. But why does he cite from Emerson the maxim that "tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can"? There are certain lines which run *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*, and so forth; and Mr. Emerson can well afford to leave Horace his own. We should be better pleased not to meet with such a phrase as "the sweet and absolute solemnity of the Saxon tongue," smacking of the latest vocabulary of exquisite affectation; and we have specific objections to make on certain points. Judicious students of Mr. Tennyson, it is said, will not demur to the opinion that *Maud* "is quite below his other sustained productions"; judicious or not, we do demur, and positively. Of course it is not like the others; it is anything but idyllic; but was Mr. Tennyson, as the perfect idyllic poet, bound to satisfy critical theories by writing nothing different, nothing, in short, to show that the colour and passion which are subordinate in his idyllic work are there kept subordinate only by his own free choice? For similar reasons, probably, *Aylmer's Field* is much underrated. There is a happy guess at the possibility of a future dramatic work from Mr. Tennyson's hand. *Queen Mary* came out in time to be briefly noticed at the very end of the book. The points of resemblance between Mr. Tennyson and Theocritus are discussed in a special chapter. The parallel is not wholly novel, and one or two at least of the instances most dwelt upon have long been familiar to English scholars. Mr. Stedman, however, deserves the credit of having worked it out methodically; and the passages which he translates from Theocritus for comparison, though professing to be mere sketches made for the special purpose, are executed with much closeness and ability.

Next follows an extensive review of minor poetry, on which space forbids us to tarry. There is a curiously total failure to appreciate Mr. Charles Turner's sonnets, which have given refined pleasure to some of the finest judges of such work, and there is a scarcely less curious infelicity in the notice of George Eliot's poems. We have known several perverse things to be said or written of the *Spanish Gipsy*, but never anything so wildly wrong as that it "reads like a second-rate production of the Byronic school." Nor can we feel, with Mr. Stedman, free from doubt as to the production some day of an ideal English Homer, though certainly Mr. Morris's Virgil affords ground for pitching our hopes higher in the matter of classical translations.

When we come to the treatment of Mr. Browning our astonishment at a few former casual aberrations is exchanged for a more serious disappointment. Mr. Stedman seems to us here not only to take no delight in his author, but to fail in understanding him. A kind of dogged antipathy runs through the whole critique; one would naturally set it down to the classical and conservative instincts which are wonderfully deep-seated in American culture, did it not incidentally come out elsewhere that Mr. Stedman at least tolerates Walt Whitman. Anyhow, his judgment of Mr. Browning is altogether poor and inadequate. He thinks it just praise to say that *Hervé Riel* is "on a level with Longfellow's legendary ballads and sagas." Why, the vital force of it would serve Mr. Longfellow for a whole book of ballads. The notice of Mr. Browning's dramatic monologues is almost absurdly jejune:—

In "A Grammarian's Funeral," "Abt Vogler," and "Master Hugues," early scholarship and music are commemorated. The language of the simplest of these is so intricate that we have to be educated in a new tongue to comprehend them. Their value lies in the human nature revealed under such fantastic, and, to us, unnatural aspects developed in other times.

This lumping together of three pieces so distinct in tone and purpose is of itself sufficiently perplexing. As to *Abt Vogler*, we can understand many readers making nothing of it at all. But that a cultivated critic, with ears to hear, and really willing to listen, should be deaf to its harmonies—intricate they may be, but magnificent—and take it for a mere historical commemoration of a particular stage of music, is what we cannot understand. Again, we read that *Caliban upon Setebos* is "realism carried to such perfection as to seem imagination." Why seem? or how does Mr. Stedman define imagination so as to exclude Mr. Browning's conception of Caliban's natural theology? Again, it appears to us quite wrong to give a comparatively low place to *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*, in which we admit the eccentricities, but can perceive no decline of power.

We return to a better agreement with Mr. Stedman when in his last two chapters he proceeds to consider the merits and prospects of the "latter-day singers," as he calls them. He does justice with an even hand to the condensed power and finish of Mr. Rossetti's verse, and the felicity of Mr. Morris—"a wise, sweet, and very fortunate bard," in the critic's quaint, but not inappropriate, phrase. But he rightly gives the pre-eminence to Mr. Swinburne among "the group that stand with feet planted upon the outer circuit of the Victorian choir." This poet's unique command of metrical effect receives high, but not unfit or unmeasured, praise; and the substantial characters of his work, and the reasons for expecting still better things of him in the future, are traced with a friendly but discriminating hand. A suggestion that he may yet lead our poetry to a new dramatic period is the last word of the critic, upon which we may take a friendly leave of him, concurring with his wish in the general intention, though not very sanguine as to its precise fulfilment.

LIFE OF BISHOP GRAY.*

IT is rarely our fortune to meet with a biography which steers so clear of verbosity as the one before us. True, it is lengthy. The two volumes contain nearly twelve hundred pages; but the life which is here written is that of no ordinary man, and we do not know that we could wish a page omitted. The compiler has judiciously kept himself in the background. His own opinions are rarely given; his work has been limited to arranging the events of a stirring and devoted life, and throughout, by a felicitous selection of letters, we have the Bishop himself before us. His actions are related almost without comment, while the reasons for his actions are given in his own words. No space is wasted on his pedigree or on his childhood. We reach the date of his ordination in 1833, when he was twenty-four years of age, in hardly more than as many pages, and the next fourteen years, which were not uneventful, are amply accounted for in sixty pages. If in the rest of the biography it may appear that considerable space is given to the Bishop's journeys in the wild and then almost untraversed parts of Southern Africa, and that such visitation journals have already been published in other forms, or to the proceedings of the Law Courts in which Bishop Gray often appeared, it may fairly be answered that both of these experiences are essential to the story of the life of a man who had a peculiar gift of being able at the same time to concentrate himself upon a variety of important occupations.

We must at the same time express our regret that greater care was not bestowed upon the accuracy of the names of persons and places occurring through the volumes. To quote a few examples of such mistakes, it is vexatious to be confronted in the second page with Sir Charles Wetherall, in place of Wetherell. Further on the genial Mr. Carus of Cambridge appears as Carns, and the "well dressing" at Tissington in Derbyshire is attributed to an imaginary place called Tissinden. Among the signatures to a document so important as the letter of the forty-one Bishops to Bishop Colenso in 1863, calling on him to resign, to which the author has added the surnames, the strangely jumbled name "Whately Rd. Dublin (Trench)" occurs, Dr. Whately being then Archbishop of Dublin, and signing, while his successor Dr. Trench was not consecrated till the first day of the next year. It might have occurred to Bishop Gray's biographer that this point was worth clearing up, as, with the known views respectively of Dr. Whately and Dr. Trench, a condemnation of Dr. Colenso by the former was even more emphatic. Bishop Aubrey Spencer of Jamaica appears in the same list as Anthony Skinner. We trust that these blemishes will be removed in another edition, and the index made more copious.

Bishop Gray's career as a parish priest began at Whitworth, where by his marriage he became squire of the parish, and ended at Stockton-on-Tees, to which he was presented by Bishop Maltby, and which was accepted as a matter of duty, as being a harder post, and one in which he could alter his "too secular and expensive mode of living." While at this unattractive place Bishop Maltby offered him a much better living and a stall as Honorary Canon in Durham Cathedral. The former he declined in the interests of his flock, as he believed short tenures of livings to be injurious; the latter he gratefully accepted and retained until his death. The strong sense of duty of which he everywhere gave proof would seem to have been hereditary. His father, the Bishop of Bristol, was a man of no ordinary stamp, as was shown when the rioters in 1831 broke into the palace and set it on fire, and then went on to destroy the chapter-house and the library. "Where can I die better than in my own cathedral?" was the answer of the Bishop to those who besought him to give up the idea of preaching in the cathedral on that day. The same absence of all thought of self was evident when his son was offered the newly formed diocese of Capetown. He insisted on being called by the Primate, and would listen to no invitations from others, and this only when no more fitting man could be found. All his preferences were for home work and residence in England; he had ample means and hosts of friends; in his parochial work he had shown himself far in advance of his times, and he was deeply interested in his various schemes; but on receiving what he considered a positive command to take foreign work, and a choice between the newly founded sees of Newcastle, Adelaide, and Capetown being offered him, he put himself at the disposal of Archbishop Howley "unconditionally, without qualification or reserve." To be consecrated to a colonial see in 1847 implied a great deal more than it does in 1875. It would be hardly possible to establish a see now which should present the difficulties which were to be met with in South Africa thirty years ago. The Cape Colony was 600 miles from west to east, with a coast-line of 1,200 miles, and St. Helena and Ascension were also added to the diocese, which hitherto had been under the nominal charge of the Bishop of Calcutta. Within these limits there were a vast number of towns and villages where English people had long been living without any of the surroundings or visible signs of a religious profession; there were only seventeen clergy in the whole country, and these generally were of extreme opinions and lax in the performance of their duties. The church which was called the cathedral was mortgaged for 7,500*l.*, and dividends were sometimes increased

* *Life of Robert Gray, Bishop of Capetown and Metropolitan of Africa.* Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Gray, M.A., Vicar of Helmsley, York. With Portrait and Map. 2 vols. London: Rivingtons.

out of the sacramental alms; in addition to all this, there was a large population of Malays, Hottentots, Kafirs, and Dutch, and the Kafir war, which had cost 2,000,000*l.*, was hardly yet brought to a close. In the first year of his residence in South Africa the Bishop made a visitation tour of three thousand miles, which occupied four months, and generally the waggon in which he travelled by day was his bed by night. So old a campaigner as Sir Harry Smith, who was then Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, was won by the Bishop's energy and endurance, and wrote of him, "He gallops, preaches, confirms, talks, speechifies, all in a breath, and all equally well." In 1849 he made a visit to St. Helena, and in 1850 another Visitation, which lasted nine months, and he then declared that the diocese must be divided. This was done in 1853, Bishops Armstrong and Colenso being consecrated to the sees of Grahamstown and Natal. In order to carry out this arrangement, the Bishop resigned the letters patent granted in 1847, and which he had even then regarded as "waste paper," on November 23rd, the new Bishops being consecrated on November 30th. On December 8th he received additional letters patent, creating the see of Capetown the metropolitan see of South Africa; but since 1847 the colony had received a Constitution, representative institutions had been founded, and a local Legislature established. Moreover, at the time of Bishops Armstrong and Colenso taking the oaths of canonical obedience to the see of Capetown, that see was, as a matter of fact, vacant, the new letters patent not having been issued. The possible illegality of the proceeding was suggested by Bishop Gray to the Law Officer of the Crown under whose directions the letters patent had been drawn up, and that functionary replied, with a characteristic mock-politeness which the Bishop had good reason to recollect many years afterwards, "Something must be conceded to my art. I take my theology gladly from your Lordship, your Lordship must be content to take your law from me." These "baubles which have cost the Church 10,000*l.*" were in twelve years' time pronounced by the same lawyer, who had meanwhile become Lord Westbury, to be absolutely null and void; and the same authority added in effect that no such thing as a Colonial Bishop was known to the law. This, if true, appeared to laymen to have been tardily discovered, and by a process that was very costly to the Church, and lawyers might have learned from the acknowledged blunder to practise humility for the future when dealing with ecclesiastical cases.

This anecdote is more than a good story, for it is an undoubted fact that Bishop Gray had to thank Lord Westbury's sublime self-assurance for the issues of the litigation with which he was harassed, almost without intermission, for the rest of his life. There were two notable cases—one was known as the "Long" case, while the other, and far more notorious, Colenso case naturally forms no inconsiderable part of the biography. The volumes before us bring to light many things which have hitherto been kept secret, and show us not merely the doings of Bishop Gray, but the treatment which he received both in Africa and in England in consequence of such doings. Bishop Colenso published books which contradicted some of the fundamental truths of Christianity, and Bishop Gray remonstrated with him repeatedly; when this expedient failed, the Bishop of Cape Town suggested that the matter should be submitted to Archbishop Sumner, who expressed himself as "much struck by the mildness and conciliatory spirit" which Bishop Gray displayed "throughout the distressing correspondence." A few months later forty-two Bishops considered the matter, under the presidency of Archbishop Longley; the discussion was heated, it seems, for even the sublime conclaves of prelates are not always free from the asperities of debate which signalize less exalted assemblies. All the disputants, however, were unanimous in reprobating Dr. Colenso's teaching; only the Bishops of London (Tait), St. David's, and Manchester (Lee), and the Archbishop of York, declined to inhibit him from preaching in their dioceses. Subsequently forty-one Bishops signed a request to Dr. Colenso to resign his see, and the Bishop of London and others declared that the matter could only be tried in Africa by the Metropolitan. It was not, therefore, without the advice of the home Episcopate that the trial was held at Cape Town which led to the deposition of Dr. Colenso; that deposition, as every one knows, was declared by Lord Westbury to be null and void, so that persons in England and Africa were driven into a corner, and compelled to choose between the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and what Bishop Wilberforce called "the evanescent danger of speaking out for the greatest truths which the Church of Christ has ever held." The school from whose system Colensoism was a recoil had not yet forgotten the Gorham judgment of fifteen years before, and their gratitude to the tribunal which had then proved itself so good a friend to them purchased their silence now. Thoughtful Dissenters at home and abroad, notably Dr. Duff of the Free Kirk and the authorities of the Dutch Church, regarded Bishop Gray as a martyr; the Churches of the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and Scotland acknowledged the validity of the spiritual sentence; and the Convocation of Canterbury passed a vote of sympathy, the only opponent being the Dean of Westminster, who feared "lest by agreeing to the vote the House should seem to censure Bishop Thirlwall." After three years, in 1866, a still more important debate took place in the Southern Convocation, on the questions whether the Church of England was in communion with Dr. Colenso, and what steps should be taken to secure an orthodox Bishop. Every point was raised in both Houses with all the practised skill of a *nisi prius* lawyer on behalf of the deposed

Bishop. The *virtus* which was shown even by the Bishops who most strongly expressed their abhorrence of Dr. Colenso's doctrine certainly failed of reaching the old Roman standard, while the language of the Dean of Westminster was even more pugnacious than before.

In the following year, 1867, the Lambeth Conference was held, and the inducement to many of the Bishops to make long journeys to attend it was the expectation that the Colenso question would be settled; but they found to their surprise, and not a little to their indignation, that Archbishop Longley had been induced by the Bishops of London and St. David's to give a pledge that the matter should not come before the meeting. From Bishop Gray's notes we learn for the first time the secret history of that gathering. Bishops, Colonial and American, insisted that the subject should not be tabooed, and when the Primate pleaded his unfortunate pledge, fifty-five Bishops signed a declaration accepting the validity of the spiritual sentence, and the Archbishop recommended that a Bishop should be consecrated for the vacant see. The great object of Bishop Gray now was to find and to consecrate a suitable man. The Archbishop consented to the consecration taking place in his diocese or province, but was soon led by the pressure that was put on him to recommend its taking place in Scotland. The Scottish Bishops consented, but the Bishop of London protested to the Primus, and by the aid of Dean Ramsay succeeded in preventing it. Bishop Gray complained bitterly at the time of the lack of courtesy with which he was treated by some of the English Bishops. The Bishop of London sent him a letter on January 22, 1868, "which was in the *Times* with a leader to back it" before it came into his hands, the article itself bearing a very peculiar resemblance to the speeches of the Dean of Westminster. The Archbishop of York, who had not taken his place at the Lambeth Conference, and who had for two whole years not cared to concern himself with the Bishop and his difficulties, sent a messenger late at night on the 24th with a letter, which appeared in the *Times* the next morning, again accompanied by a leader, of which a copy must have been sent to the paper before the original had been delivered. By way of consolation, the *Times* compared him to Hildebrand, and likened the difficulties which hindered the consecration of Bishop Macrorie to those of baffled prize-fighters. Archbishop Longley was true and firm; he now considered that the consecration should take place in England, and he was invited by the Duke of Buckingham, then at the Colonial Office, to apply for a mandate, the Duke volunteering to issue one which would "remove all perils of *premunire*." The Duke had previously given trouble to the Bishop by a vexatious despatch which he had sent to the Natal authorities, and which he was obliged to withdraw when Lord Carnarvon called attention to it in the House of Lords, and this was supposed to be a concession to churchmen; but the Duke delayed, and the Bishop wrote:—"He is merely putting off a decision to wear me out, and get me out of the way," as it was known that the Bishop had secured his passage to Africa. An appeal was made to Mr. Disraeli, then Prime Minister, who had recently given some unmistakable signs of a desire to win the support of the Church party. The Bishop says that the Premier was "frank, cordial, and free-spoken, and promised to look at once into matters and settle them;" and yet, when he was embarking at Plymouth, he received a letter from the Colonial Secretary which was a practical refusal to have anything to do with the matter. The Bishop went on his way. Mr. Macrorie was consecrated at the Cape amidst much enthusiasm, and with no opposition of any importance. Nearly seven years have elapsed, and his episcopate has been marked by much wisdom and successful administration, while Dr. Colenso has gone on *qualis ab incepto*. There was yet, however, another lesson in store for the Bishop of Cape Town; he formally announced Bishop Macrorie's consecration to the several churches of the Anglican communion, but the Archbishop of York, who, unless he were clairvoyant, could hardly have known the contents of the letter, returned it through the Dead Letter Office, so that it came back to Africa unopened with "Refused" on the outside.

We have dwelt upon the successive law suits in which Bishop Gray was involved, as they stretched over so much of his public career, while his being so often in courts of law tended to give a harsh and unfair estimate of his character to persons at a distance. That he was dragged from one tribunal to another was no fault of his; the blame largely lies at the door of the Law Officers of the Crown, whose sham patents and illegal professions led him to believe that he held a legal, as distinct from his spiritual, position which was subsequently denied to him. His opponents naturally tried to make him out imperious, but in the incidents of his life, as shown in the volumes before us, there is ample proof of the genuine affectionateness of his nature. As to the character of his public administration as summed up in its results, we have only to point to this one original and unwieldy diocese of Capetown divided into seven, the seventeen clergy whom he found on his arrival increased to nearly two hundred, synodical self-government fully established, and a whole system of Church ministrations for the good of the different races of South Africa in active operation. His career has many lessons which the Church at home may study with advantage; many things which, when he proposed them, were considered extravagant and visionary theories, have been adopted when they were seen to be successful. "How the world will laugh at these absurd restrictions in the next generation," he wrote in 1858, when he was told that he could not legally hold a synod nor consecrate a bishop for a country other than Her

Majesty's dominions. A generation has not passed, and synods are considered essential to the good administration of a diocese, and missionary bishops are becoming the rage. "The Final Court of Appeal, if not destroyed, will destroy the Church," he said in 1869, and added that he had been making the assertion for fifteen years; and now that Court has fallen of itself under the weight of its own discordant judgments. What are we to think of a tribunal professing to administer justice, of which Bishop Gray could write (August 1, 1871), "The Bishop of London" [himself a member of the Committee] "tells me, he thinks, had the" [Parchas] "judgment been otherwise, Parliament would have interfered. I do not think so." We only wish that Bishop Gray's correspondent had added, and that he had reported, how and by whose agency Parliament would have set about its interference. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, with his majority unbroken, and what was generally known of his opinions would not have led any intelligent bystander to conclude that he would take the lead in so dangerous and absurd an enterprise. Neither was the Conservative front bench a hotbed of Paritanism, but the reverse, and it would have been ridiculous to suppose that Lord Hatherley as Chancellor would attack a judgment which he had pronounced in the Judicial Committee. In the meantime it is pleasant to be assured on the authority of the Bishop of London that Parliament is, after all, the Anglican Pope. The Bishop has also made a valuable contribution to history in thus frankly confessing to the motives which guided the Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal in arriving at its decision. The Church Association will no doubt be grateful for the revelation.

MORE ENGLISH GRAMMARS.*

WE find all these books together on our table, and they have something in common besides the mere nature of their subject. Yet we feel that we owe something of an apology to Dr. Latham for thrusting him in so unceremoniously in the general rack. Dr. Latham has plenty of faults, the worst of his faults being that he is so very precise and scientific in his way of putting everything that it is often a hard matter to make out what his conclusions are. But he is not only entitled to the respect due to a veteran in his subject; he is always both lively and ingenious; and, whether we agree with his conclusions or not, whether we know what they are or not, there is always something on the road to them which suggests matter for thought. Neither of the writers whose books we have grouped alongside of his can at all claim to be put on his level. But all the books have this in common, that they seem to be reprints of older works modified by the appearance of certain other books since their first publication. Dr. Latham has published so many books that we cannot undertake to keep them all in our mind or to remember which we have noticed and which we have not. Some of his works indeed were given to the world so long ago that the *Saturday Review* had no chance of noticing them in their first shape. Of the two books of his on our present list one is in a ninth edition; the other is in a "new edition, thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged." For our purpose the two may go together; the smaller book may pass as a summary of the greater. Mr. Mason is in his nineteenth edition, also "enlarged and thoroughly revised." We feel sure that we have seen him before also, probably in some edition earlier than the nineteenth. Mr. Keane we remember very well in one of the characters in which he describes himself in his title-page, as "Author of *French Accent*," an ingenious little tract which we noticed some time back. But we did not know him as the author of a *Handbook of the English Language*, which, as it now appears in a "new and enlarged edition," must have already appeared in some older and smaller edition. What all three writers have in common is this. It would seem that they all wrote for the first time, probably not before the great discovery that Englishmen are Englishmen was first made, but before that mysterious and difficult doctrine had become so generally known as it has been of late years. It would seem that, when they first wrote few people had thought of calling the English language the English language from the very beginning. But now that a good many persons have learned to do so, they find it necessary to say something in their new editions about the practice. With Mr. Mason and Mr. Keane their remarks take little more than the form of a protest against a practice which they fancy to be a great deal newer than it really is. Their protest, however, amounts to little more than to show that they neither understand the history of the new nomenclature nor the grounds on which it is proposed. Dr. Latham knows much better than this. He does not unhesitatingly accept the proposed nomenclature, but neither does he unhesitatingly reject it. He can weigh it, and look at it all round. He can understand the grounds on which it is proposed, and he can also bring against it

the only objection of any force which we have yet seen brought against it. He also knows the history of the controversy. He knows that what Mr. Keane and Mr. Mason fancy to be a mere hobby of two or three very recent writers has been the practice of several of our best scholars for very many years. It is in truth an amusing sign of the superficial way in which some people write when we find a practice which has been followed by Dr. Guest and Professor Stephens for nearly a generation spoken of as if it had been something invented within the last seven or eight years. We may therefore dismiss Mr. Mason and Mr. Keane, so far as we are concerned with them, in a few lines. Dr. Latham will give us matter for more serious discussion. He is, as every one who knows his writings must be aware, always full of crotchets and paradoxes, and he ever and anon makes positive mistakes. But he always has his wits about him, and keeps his eyes open to what other people say. His crotchets and mistakes are the crotchets and mistakes of a man whose chief fault is that he is a little too clever; as such, there is always something to be learned from him.

Mr. Keane in his preface to the new edition speaks thus:—

Some may possibly affect surprise that no change has been made in the nomenclature, and that the terms *Saxon* and *Anglo-Saxon* are still retained. But after mature deliberation I am more than ever convinced that the outcry raised by Mr. Freeman, Mr. Sweet, Dr. Morris, and a few others against these names, is unreasonable, and that their contentions cannot be upheld. It might be supposed that if there ever were Teuton tribes calling themselves Saxons, and not merely called so by others, it would be childish to quibble about the term *Saxon* as applied to the Teuton dialects spoken by them.

He then goes on to collect a good number of passages in which the words "Saxones," "Saxonia," and the like are found in various uses in Latin writers, English or foreign. He then triumphantly asks, "Have these passages escaped the industry of Mr. Freeman? or does he suppose that they can be explained away by his usual device of attributing the use of the term *Saxon* in this sense to the Welsh and other foreigners?" Now, as Mr. Freeman has discussed the whole class of passages, as he has quoted some of the particular passages which Mr. Keane has quoted, as several of them are explained by him in other ways than by "his usual device," it does not seem needful to spend very much time over the protest of Mr. Keane; and the protest of Mr. Mason may be dismissed in a shorter space still. He really seems to have nothing to say beyond this very curious note:—

It has been asserted that from the earliest times, Saxons, as well as Angles, called themselves "English," and nothing else. This is at variance with the fact that the names "West Saxons," "South Saxons," &c., were vernacular, and, as is abundantly evident from the laws and charters, were names by which the several divisions of the Saxons called themselves. The *Saxon Chronicle*, in dealing with the events of our history up to the time of Alfred the Great, discriminates between the Angles and Saxons, and notices the latter according to their local subdivisions. It would have been quite impossible that Alfred should style himself "West Seaxna cyning" if his subjects never called themselves anything but "English."

Who it is that asserted that the Saxons never called themselves anything but "English" Mr. Mason does not tell us, and we certainly cannot tell him. He at least will not find so wild an assertion in any of the writers who are spoken of by Mr. Keane. We do not think he will find the assertion in Dr. Latham, though he will certainly find things coming nearer to it than anything he will find elsewhere. It is hardly worth while to say it again, but, for the benefit of Mr. Keane and Mr. Mason, we will say it again, that nobody doubts that Saxons often spoke of themselves and their language as "Saxon." What some do doubt and deny is that the united nation formed by the union of the Angles and Saxons ever called that united nation and its language "Saxon." What is objected to is calling one stage of the same language "Saxon" and another stage "English." No one doubts that there was a time when "Saxon" and "Angle" or "English" might be rightly opposed to each other as dialects of the same language. Indeed, in discussing local dialects some distinction of the kind is useful even now.

From disputants who simply do not understand the point in dispute we gladly turn to Dr. Latham, who, so far as he can be called a disputant at all, is a disputant of quite another kind. Still we cannot help wishing that Dr. Latham would not be so frightfully clear and precise, that he would not throw his arguments so nearly into the shape of a demonstration in Euclid, that he would not talk so often about "word for word," "place for place," and the like. If he would be content to be a little obscure, a little confused, not to be so constantly jerking in his formulae, we should better understand what he means. Still all that he writes is instructive. He has a way of getting together all the places where a particular national name is found, and pointing out the time, place, and circumstance under which it is used. The inferences which he draws are not always our inferences. But his way of grouping and commenting on his evidence is always of use, sometimes in leading us to form some other inference, sometimes in making us feel that it is wiser to hold back from making any inference at all. When Dr. Latham has to talk about Saxons and Angles, he does not merely get together a few obvious passages and ask triumphantly whether they have escaped some writer who had collected and discussed them long before himself. He really gets together all that is to be found about Angles and Saxons everywhere. It would need a volume to set forth his views, much more to answer them; but he really does seem to come rather near to thinking that "Saxon" was always a name given by others, and not used by the people themselves to whom it was applied.

* *English Grammar, including the Principles of Grammatical Analysis.* By C. P. Mason, B.A., F.C.F. Nineteenth Edition, enlarged and thoroughly revised. London: Bell & Sons. 1874.

Handbook of the History of the English Language; for the use of Teacher and Student. By A. H. Keane, B.A. New and enlarged Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

An Elementary English Grammar for the use of Schools. By R. G. Latham, M.A., M.D., &c. New Edition, thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

Handbook of the English Language, for the use of Students of the Universities and the Higher Classes of Schools. By R. G. Latham, M.A., M.D. Ninth Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

He also goes further than anybody else in drawing a broad distinction between Angle and Saxon. Here is a passage which is a good specimen of Dr. Latham in a mood when we can best understand him, though even here we do not profess to understand every word:—

Of the Angles of Germany we only know enough to infer that they were the Angles of England; though, in England, they are known to all the world. Of Saxons, of some kind or another, we know a great deal; but of the special Saxon districts we have no knowledge—none, at least, of the Saxons of Sussex and Wessex. There is no spot on the face of the earth of which we may say, “here the men called themselves Saxons, and from thence spread the name.” We only know that there were a great many populations to whom the name *Saxon* was applied by some other population. On the other hand, one of the few known facts concerning the *Angle* was that it was a name which the bearers applied to themselves; and it is, by no means, the least valuable fact in their fragmentary and incomplete history. Again, with the Saxons, we find the language, but not the names of the populations which can be supposed to have applied it to themselves when Britain was first Germanized. With the Angles we find the place and the name; but the only known word in their language is the name *Angle* itself. We get our knowledge of the dominant name from one quarter, the chief details of its introduction from another.

Now in all this, whether we fully understand Dr. Latham or not, whether we agree with him or not when we do understand him, there are at least several statements to set us thinking. Dr. Latham always hits and brings out some point or other which, whether we explain it as he does or not, needs to be explained somehow. If we rightly understand him, he looks on the Anglian element in Britain and elsewhere as Scandinavian; that is, he does not look on it as fully developed Scandinavian, as something brought over from Denmark or Norway after Denmark and Norway had assumed their special character; he rather looks on Angles and Danes as tribes nearly akin to each other, and quite distinct from Saxons, and holds that the differences between Angle and Dane were developed after the one tribe had settled in Britain and the other in Denmark. A good deal therefore in the Anglian parts of Britain which is commonly thought to be the result of the recorded Danish invasions, is set down by Dr. Latham as the result of earlier kindred between Angles and Danes. We cannot go into all this here; but it is at least ingenious, and sets one thinking. With regard to the immediate point which is dealt with by the other writers, Dr. Latham's words are worth weighing. He first gives what he calls the five stages of the English language as generally understood, the first two of which are “Anglo-Saxon” and “Semi-Saxon.” He thus comments:—

Partly on the strength of the divisions themselves, and partly on account of the names, there is, at present, a good deal of criticism afloat, which is by no means favourable to the preceding nomenclature.

In respect to the names the chief objections lie against the first two—the compounds of the word *Saxon*. The history of the English language is continuous; and as the word *Saxon* seems to indicate a different language, rather than the same language in a different stage, it is charged with disguising the continuity. Perhaps with some persons it may do so. But then the substitute does something, perhaps, as bad. Old English, for that is the proposed name, disguises the continuity between the Old Saxon of the Continent and the insular Saxon of what is now England, but what was originally Britain.

Those who object to “Anglo-Saxon” object also to “Semi-Saxon”; as is natural. It is not likely, however, that the question of names will be determined on any *a priori* notions of propriety. The name that turns out to be the most convenient will be the one which eventually prevails, and of this common-sense test those who make the most use of it in their investigations are the best judges. A name that is good in one department of learning may be exceptionable in another. “Old English” may be a good term for the historian, though an inconvenient one in philology. Of this the historian and the philologist are the best judges, and each, as a workman in a different department, has a right to name his tools. This is as much as need be said upon a point which, just at present, is invested with more importance than it deserves.

This is quite another way of talking from that of Mr. Keane and Mr. Mason. It is quite possible that the nomenclature which best suits those with whom the political history comes first, and with whom the history of the language is only part of the general history of the nation, may not be the most convenient for those with whom the history of the language is their primary subject. We do not say that this is so in the present case; it is answer enough to say that scholars with whom language is primary have adopted the nomenclature as well as scholars with whom political history is primary. Still the remark that what does best for the one purpose may not always do best for the other is a caution which scholars of both classes will do well to bear in mind. And, again, there is truth in the remark that to speak of the English language in all its stages simply as “English” does in some measure obscure the connexion between the West-Saxon of Britain and the Old-Saxon of the Continent. This is a real objection as far as it goes. The answer doubtless is that the evil is not nearly so great as the evil of leading people to fancy that a language called “Saxon” gave way to a language called “English.”

Dr. Latham's book is then in our eyes one which contains much matter for thought, much that is instructive, but also much that is unsound. As we are not reviewing him in detail, we will not stop to point out more than one case of positive mistake. He complains that “ordinary historians” have neglected both a certain passage of Prosper and a certain passage of Procopius. Those passages have certainly not been neglected by all historians; but let us see what Dr. Latham makes of the place in Procopius. He says:—

In his History of the Gothic War he gives us a conference between certain Gothic legates and Belisarius. The former make a merit of having made over to the Romans the valuable island of Sicily. To this Belisarius replies that the Romans, on their part, had made over to them the larger island of Britain. Nothing is more unlikely than that this answer should

not have been given; though Procopius is a cotemporary witness for the conference only. The cession must have been made earlier: nor is the approximate date difficult to make out. It must have been when the Goths were at the height of their power in Gaul, and before the rise of the Franks: a date which comes very close to the times of Hengist, Vortigern, and Vortimer, i.e. the middle of the Fifth Century.

Now here Dr. Latham has mistaken his tense. The words of Procopius (ii. 6) are ἡμεῖς Γότθοις Βρετανίαν ἄλλην συγχωροῦμεν ἔχειν, μείζω τὸ παρὰ πολὺ Σικελίας οὖσαν καὶ Ῥωμαίων κατήκοον τὸ ἀνέκαθεν γεγενημένην. Here Belisarius does not say that the Romans have made over Britain to the Goths. All that he says is, in mockery, that the Romans will let the Goths have it. Dr. Latham's ingenious argument thus falls to the ground.

BELOW THE SALT.*

“THEN comes my fit again,” cried Macbeth when he heard that Fleance was yet alive; and so we feel inclined to cry on finding that Lady Wood has produced another novel. This writer seems to have a singular fancy for titles connected in some way with the kitchen. Her last effort was called *Ruling the Roast*; her present venture announces itself as *Below the Salt*. Why the three volumes of what Lady Wood is pleased to call a novel should be distinguished by such a name as this we need not inquire. It may be that the compiler of them hunted through a dictionary of phrases until she came upon one which struck her fancy, and immediately labelled her collection of printed matter with it. Or it may be that she intended by its title to indicate that the book was more likely to find favour in the servants' hall or the kitchen than anywhere else. In that case we must hope that she has underrated the capacities of servants.

It would appear that Lady Wood has some spite against the Church of England, or at least against its accredited officers. In the last creation of her brain which was given to an astonished public the chief personage was a clergyman who fell from one extravagance and vice to another until he ended as a thief. In *Below the Salt* the Reverend Mr. Petrel is presented as a good-natured creature who wastes his family's substance in smoking cigars, and thinks of his own comfort before his favourite son's life and death, and yet develops into a pleasant, kindly elderly gentleman. But this is not surprising. No one of Lady Wood's characters ever preserves the same nature or manners for more than a few sentences together. They are merely so many pegs to hang so many words on; and, seeing what the words are, one cannot but regret that the pegs were found for them. The first event which takes place in the family to which it is the privilege of Lady Wood's readers to be introduced is the return from sea of Edgar, the eldest son of the family. With a view to this, we are told that “the two young ladies who had occupied the state chamber had to have beds made up on sofas, brought into the nursery, at which they grumbled considerably; and as the clothes fell off the first night, before the nurse had thought of uniting the two, the young ladies had something to grumble at in red eyes and sore noses and throats.” The young man who causes all this inconvenience is supposed to be a model of good behaviour and manners. It is not uninteresting to see what his manners and behaviour are like:—

Edgar pleased her. He did not smoke, he did not drink; seemingly his ideas had become very strict on such subjects. Mrs. Petrel liked half a glass of thin home-brewed beer for her luncheon; her son looked at her with such distaste as she drank it, that she answered his stern gaze with one of smiling inquiry.

“Mother, I cannot endure to see a lady drink beer,” he said.

“Then I will not vex you, Edgar,” she replied, and sent away the half-enjoyed tumbler.

Edgar seemed to think his father was privileged to drink and smoke as he pleased, and looked on him as lovingly when thus employed as when he was conversing in his usual careless drollery.

Edgar was very sad on leaving home; he had none of the traditional buoyant spirit of a “middy.” When he was gone, Mr. Petrel walking up and down the garden with his wife and smoking his cigar, said—

“A queer fellow that! he won't drink, he won't smoke, he won't swear, nor bet; little sins, little extravagances, are not in his way. When he does a wrong thing, heaven and earth! won't it be a whopper!”

This young man whose exquisite taste cannot bear to see his mother drinking beer presently goes away on a boating excursion till it is time to join his ship, and, meeting with a girl named Pleasance Fern, who works in a mine, falls in love with her. Unfortunately she is the object of considerable attention at the hands of one Pike, the manager of the mine. Lady Wood is very careful to leave no doubt in her reader's mind as to what Mr. Pike's intentions are. Edgar Petrel, whom we are asked to consider as an innocent and well-bred young man, having seen Pike in familiar converse with Pleasance, has his suspicions, which he expresses in this pretty fashion:—“To think that I ever meant to have married this girl!” he said indignantly; “she is false, and if she be innocent, it is because she has as yet had no opportunity of being corporeally vicious.” Soon after he has made this singular remark Edgar Petrel goes off to join his ship, leaving Pleasance to the mercy of Pike, whom she mortally offends by refusing to listen to his proposals. The indirect result of this is that she is arrested on a charge of theft and imprisoned for some days. After this the gallant Edgar, who has been, for some reason known only to Lady Wood, lying in a hospital with concussion of the brain, returns to Pleasance and marries her.

* *Below the Salt*. A Novel. By Lady Wood. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

By one of the curiously lucky chances which occur only in novels, just as this marriage is taking place, Edgar inherits a competence from an old friend, who kindly dies without any other claim upon him. Thus Edgar is enabled to leave his wife in easy circumstances, under the care of Mrs. Heathdale, wife of a friend of his. Why it never occurs to Edgar to leave the navy in order to look after his wife himself when he has the chance, Lady Wood is not at the pains of explaining. From what is said of his emotions at leaving shore, however, one may conclude that parting from Pleasance was not a source of great sorrow to him. "The griefs of parting, the petty anxieties of life on shore, were tossed from the minds that longed for active attrition with mankind, like the foam from the sparkling oar which impelled them on their way." That a mind which longs for "active attrition with mankind," whatever that may be, should regard a newly-married wife as "a petty anxiety of life on shore," is perhaps not so surprising as that an oar should sparkle. Neither of these things, at any rate, is so surprising as the rapidity with which Pleasance, who has been brought up in a mine, and can neither read nor write, develops into what Lady Wood seems to consider the perfection of a well-behaved and well-taught person. When one sees what the method of her education was, this is perhaps less astonishing:—

It was a trial of the sweetness of her temper to be constantly stopped to correct the manner of her information, when the matter interested her deeply. Sometimes she became irritated, and thought her instructress over particular.

"Oh, Mrs. Heathdale!" she cried, coming in eagerly, "I have bought few such bootiful little images for the chimney-piece."

"My dear Pleasance!" with a start of pretended horror, "few! What word is that?—Devonshire dialect for two? Bootiful, for beautiful; and chimney, for chimney."

Pleasance looked disconcerted.

"And, my dear, you should say statuettes, instead of 'little images.'"

Pleasance was disappointed, and a little out of temper.

"I suppose if one is to be quite correct, one should say bowtiful, for I suppose it comes from beau, French for handsome."

"No; you should pronounce it as well-educated people do, in English, which is nearer be-u-tiful than any other sound."

While Pleasance's learning is making progress, her husband is drowned in rescuing the crew of a ship in distress, and his father has married again. This latter circumstance affords Lady Wood an opportunity for descanting upon some habits and customs of Mr. Petrel which can hardly be of much interest to any one, and upon the second Mrs. Petrel's nightgown. In *Ruling the Roost*, if we remember rightly (it is one of a reviewer's miseries that he should remember such things), a lover addressed a sonnet to his mistress's nightgown, instead of her eyebrows. In *Below the Salt* Lady Wood has abandoned such air-drawn pictures for descriptions of fact. Mr. Petrel and his wife are, however, merely subsidiary characters. The interest of the story seems to be supposed to centre in Pleasance Petrel, who, having achieved her own education with such marked success, sets to work to accomplish that of her daughter Margaret, who one day, when she is reading *Faust*, turns to her mother "full of admiration of the skill and pathos of the writer." Pleasance, anxious to show her interest in her daughter's occupations, asks to be told the story, and, having heard the Prologue in Heaven, remarks, "My dear! that is the book of Job over again, only more spun out." When the prison scene is reached Pleasance's feelings are more stirred:—

"You shall read no more of that dreadful book, child," she said. "It is not possible. Murder! murder her own little infant! Oh! I could not have done that."

"You see, mamma, she was mad—driven mad by that vile spirit of evil."

Pleasance had become very pale.

"Margaret, had I known the book, you should never have read it. The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil may be too dearly purchased."

"I do not think any one who read 'Faust' would be rendered vicious by it," said Margaret; "the consequences of sin are described to be so frightful."

Shortly after this curious dialogue Margaret Petrel takes a part in some private theatricals given by her dancing-mistress, which affords an occasion for a young man named Cassilis Forrester to fall in love with her. The peculiarity of this event lies in the fact that Forrester at first takes her for another Margaret Petrel to whom he is engaged to be married, and whom she greatly resembles. From the courtship of this young man and Margaret, Lady Wood takes flight to the young man's relations, to stay with whom he takes a college friend. Here Lady Wood's power of satire comes into play. Seeing his friend occupied in rolling a croquet ground at the request of the daughter of the house, one of Forrester's relations observes to another, "It would have been more judicious had I remained at Birchland Rectory with Margaret till the morning of the ball. You see, my dear Clarinda, what that young man's manners are. Exhibiting himself before three ladies—one of them unmarried—without his coat—half dressed, in fact."

Into the complications which arise out of Forrester's love-making it is not necessary that we should drag our readers. We have no selfish desire to make them share more than need be the miseries which we have endured. Our hope is that we may save them by what we have said from attempting to read Lady Wood's three volumes of disagreeable rubbish. To hope that the writer of the three volumes could be induced by any word of ours to abandon her attempts at novel-writing would be idle. What Solomon said some time ago about a certain class of people is likely to hold good for a long while to come.

FORREST'S AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATIONS.*

THE vast island of Australia, equal in size to the European continent without its peninsular projections, is the most compact and uniform piece of dry land, unbroken by inlets or by streams of water, on the face of the globe. Not in the African Sahara or in the steppes of Northern Asia lies such an immense extent of inland territory with so few rivers and lakes, and so little opening to the sea coast. Its eastern and western shores have some capacious harbours, but scarcely any navigable rivers. A mere strip of habitable land on each side is walled off by a continuous range of mountains from the main interior desert. This presents, in most quarters, a monotonous expanse of arid plain, intersected by low ridges of sandstone, or by languid intermittent streams that seldom reach the sea. There is an exception in the Riverina district, at the interior angle formed by the New South Wales seaward ranges with those of Victoria. There the Murray and the Murrumbidgee, joined further on by the Darling and other northern tributaries, wend their course to the south-west, but fall short of a discharge into the Southern Ocean. Another exception is found in some of the northern parts, where both the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Carpentaria and those of Cambridge Gulf are tolerably deep and full, with access to the sea; but the upper region from which they descend is a bare table of sandstone. There is no thorough penetration of the land by rivers of continental importance, because there is no commanding or central group of mountains. All the low-lying middle space, too broad for watering from the two opposite Cordilleras by the seaside, becomes a huge shallow frying-pan, in which the solar heat plays fiercely with rare drops of atmospheric moisture.

The length or greater dimension of this enormous island is forty degrees of longitude, divided into equal halves by the 133rd meridian east of Greenwich. Its eastern half, containing four British colonial provinces, with a population of two millions, has been made pretty familiar to explorers, settlers, or squatters, and designers or students of maps. The luckless expeditions of Dr. Leichardt and of Burke and Wills were followed by sundry efforts to find the regions in which they had wandered away to perish. In their case, as in that of Sir John Franklin, the cause of geographical science was most effectually served by the martyrdom of persons leading a perilous quest, succeeded by others who went forth in search of the lost explorers, though sometimes doomed to fail in that endeavour. New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland have fairly performed their task of gaining acquaintance with the almost uninhabited territories beyond the Darling to the Gulf of Carpentaria, between the 138th and the 148th degrees of east longitude. South Australia, which ought rather to be called Middle Australia, as it lies more to the north than Victoria, and its furthest limit is at present the northern ocean, has likewise done its part. By the expeditions of John McDouall Stuart, completed in 1862, the middle breadth of Australia, fifteen or sixteen hundred miles from south to north, was traversed in a nearly straight line, which has been made that of the overland telegraph to connect all the Australian provinces with Asia and Europe. This line is not far from coinciding with the 134th degree of longitude, and may be taken to divide Eastern from Western Australia by an obvious mark of intersection. Still, until within the last year or two, looking at the main geographical delineation of inland Australia, and not at that of local features, we should say that the western half remained quite unknown. There was a blank space extending across seventeen degrees of longitude, and in latitude from the terribly forbidding coast of the Great Southern Bight, along which Mr. Eyre walked and thirsted in 1841, to the districts surveyed by the brothers Gregory in the tropical region of the north and north-west. This space, not much smaller than Russia in Europe, has now been travelled for the first time, in the two opposite directions between east and west, by Colonel Egerton Warburton from South Australia, and by Mr. John Forrest, of the Colonial Survey Office in West Australia. The narrative of Colonel Warburton's journey with camels, in 1873, from Alice Springs on the telegraph line to the Oakover and De Grey rivers on the De Witt Land coast, about the 21st degree of latitude, has been published in London. That of Mr. Forrest's expedition, in 1874, from the West Australian settlements eastward to the telegraph line, in about the 26th degree of latitude, is now before us, together with those of two preceding journeys, in 1869 and 1871, which had different objects in view.

The object of Mr. Forrest in 1869 was to investigate the facts upon which a false rumour had arisen of some traces of Leichardt's death in West Australia; but it is now hardly to be doubted that Leichardt never got across the middle desert. "The natives will say anything they imagine will please," in answer to inquiries by their European patrons. So Jimmy Mungaro's story of the killing of a party of white men in their camp near a great lake, above twenty years before, was an amiable romance, which need not greatly arouse displeasure at its untruth. Four colonial Englishmen and a couple of black fellows, with a dozen horses, were not badly employed from April to August in rambling over two thousand miles of strange country around Lake Barlee and other salt pools or salt marshes, interspersed with granite rocks and relieved by cliffs of sandstone. It was worth while at any rate to ascertain that this district affords no ground for pastoral or agricultural occupation; but the consoling suggestion that it may possess some mineral riches has not, to our knowledge, been yet en-

* *Explorations in Australia.* By John Forrest, F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low & Co.

dorsed by any geological authority. We turn with a stronger interest to the account of Mr. Forrest's journey in 1871, along the shore of the Great Southern Bight, in a contrary direction to Mr. Eyre's famous walk thirty years before. The party consisted of John and Alexander Forrest, brothers, McLarty, constable, and Osborne, farrier and shoeing smith, with Tommy Windich and Billy Noongale, faithful and intelligent blacks. They were met at Esperance, at Israelite Bay, and at Port Eucla, by a schooner conveying stores, which enabled the men and horses to keep the road, seldom far out of sight of the sea. The discovery, in 1867, of a good harbour at Eucla, on a coast which for several hundreds of miles presented an unbroken wall of lofty cliffs, has been regarded with much satisfaction. It appears, indeed, from Mr. Forrest's description of the country thirty miles inland, that there is a vast area of grass for colonial flocks and herds, if water can be found to drink. Some contrivance of the Artesian well or the tube-well kind may hereafter be applied to compensate for the want of streams and fresh-water pools. From Eucla to Fowler's Bay, all through July, this party encountered great hardships and fatigues, their horses suffering terribly. Pushing on for ninety hours without any water but what they carried, in forced marches to the head of the Bight, a stretch of 138 miles from Eucla, must have been a severe ordeal of fortitude and patience. But there was no danger of a serious disaster, and the remaining journey, across the country below the Gawler Ranges to Augusta at the head of Spencer Gulf, was of an ordinary character. Mr. Forrest and his comrades, upon their arrival at Adelaide, were greeted by Sir James Fergusson, then Governor, and by the official and social notables of South Australia, with due tokens of regard. A line of telegraph connecting both Perth and King George's Sound with Adelaide will soon be laid down along the inhospitable coast of the Bight. It is to be hoped that nobody will ever be guilty of projecting a railway to join the two provinces by that dismal route.

The most important achievement, however, related in this volume is that performed last year, in the months from April to September inclusive, when Mr. Forrest and a party under his command made their way from Geraldton, in Champion Bay, to the South Australian overland telegraph station at Peake. Striking the line near where it crosses a small river called the Albenga, not far from Mount Alexander, about the 27th degree of latitude, they accomplished an enterprise corresponding with that of Colonel Warburton in the previous year, which was a parallel march the reverse way, taking the latter part of its course five degrees more north. The expedition of Colonel Warburton, furnished with seventeen camels, was munificently paid for by two private gentlemen of South Australia, Mr. Elder and Mr. Hughes; but the Government of that province sent out another expedition, under Mr. William Gosse, directed towards Perth, the capital of West Australia. Mr. Gosse did not succeed in the attempt to reach the West Coast, though he did his best, and it is said that some useful knowledge of new lands available for pasture was obtained by him. The history of Colonel Warburton's undertaking presents more novelty and adventure than Mr. Forrest's; but they lose nothing in either case by a mutual comparison. In the former instance the party was composed of the gallant commanding officer and his son, Mr. Richard Warburton, J. W. Lewis, Dennis White, two Afghan camel-drivers, and one native Australian lad. They passed through some very painful experiences, and lost nearly all their beasts of burden; yet the men got over it and held together, coming out just alive. Mr. Forrest and his brother Alexander, with Kennedy and Sweeny their two subordinates, besides Tommy Windich and Tommy Pierre of the aboriginal race, had not the advantage of using camels; and the horses, fifteen or sixteen in number, could scarcely bear the privations of feeding and watering in their toilsome progress. But the leader was much helped in some parts of his route by having the map of Mr. Gosse's travels of the year before, marked with places where he might find water; and he could never be in doubt of the practicability of his task. Not the less, by the testimony alike of South and of West Australians, is Mr. Forrest's performance deserving of credit. It seems also to the student of geography an interesting result that the aforesaid blank in our map is now filled up with precise lines of the traveller and surveyor. The pastoral wealth of Australia may or may not gain some opportunity of further extension from these recent excursions into the extra-colonial wilderness. If it be not so, few persons of sober judgment will be much disappointed.

The first remarkable feature in this explorer's route, after leaving the outposts of squatterdom near Geraldton, was the Murchison river, which flows through fine grassy plains a length of one hundred miles, within sight of granitic hill-ranges. This country indeed promises well for pasture; and the "hills of micaceous iron ore, with brown hematite," whose magnetic potency disturbed Mr. Forrest's compass, will probably contribute to the sum of Australian riches. Beyond the Robinson and Kimberley ranges, which he saw and named in May, he was encountered by a disgusting foe called *Spinifex*, which beset his path till the end of August. This enemy to man and beast in the driest tracts of wilderness is not the identical *spinifex* of botanical catalogues, but the *Westuca irritans* (Triodia), a nasty thing when your cattle want to eat and drink. It seems to be the chief vegetable product of the sandstone region covering hundreds of thousands of square miles in Western Australia. We learn from a note by Professor Owen, appended to Colonel Warburton's narrative, that the unprofitable geological formation ascribed to nearly one-third of the whole island-continent is due to the later (Tertiary) deposits of the marine submergence not having been

torn off or worn away, as in South-Eastern Australia, by the denuding action of water consequent on the upheaval of the old seabottom. The more ancient strata of the secondary and primary or palaeozoic formations are in West Australia still overlaid by the sandstone, from which results a comparative lack both of agricultural and mineral resources, except in the few places where granite and other primary rocks have broken through that barren crust. From the head of the Murchison to the 129th meridian, which is the provincial boundary, sandstone and *spinifex* predominate so generally that Mr. Forrest thinks the country unfit for colonial occupation. A further easting of about four degrees, with only some partial and occasional improvement of the landscape, brought him in the middle of September to Mr. Gosse's tracks on the Marryatt river, by which and the Albenga he came to the central telegraph line. The English reader who has never in his life felt the sensation of real thirst will perhaps not care much for the daily anxieties of this party concerning their chances of a pool or a spring with a patch of grass around it. There was a threatening of an attack by the natives at Weld Springs on June 13th, but a few shots from guns and revolvers dispersed the yelling mob of fifty or sixty spearmen without loss of life. Other natives were met, who did not seem either frightened or unfriendly; but most frequently they ran away from the strangers who wore such strange clothes, and who rode or led such large animals as had never been seen there before. This wilderness afforded hardly any game, except now and then an emu, an opossum or a kangaroo, a parrot or a pigeon, or an edible rat called a wurrung, to vary the store of provisions (mainly flour for damper-cakes) which the party carried with them; and ducks were often shot in the chain of water-holes called a river-bed. The duty of taking astronomical observations, of measuring distances or angles, and calculating the bearings, was doubtless an agreeable diversion in this monotonous course of travel. The sight of a far-off peak or cliff should have given positive delight. *Spinifex* and more *spinifex*, and the dreadful vision of *spinifex* for ever, is not an inviting kind of entertainment. But Messrs. Forrest and their companions, like many preceding Australian explorers, bore with it manfully in the way of public duty, and earned their share of commendation. They were welcomed at Adelaide and in other towns of South Australia with complimentary banquets and speeches, which were repeated when they got home to Perth.

The situation and prospects of West Australia, a province of not more than thirty thousand inhabitants, though its settlement began forty-five years ago, are discussed by the late Governor, Mr. Weld, in a Report to Lord Carnarvon. It does not appear to justify the recently expressed ambition of that colony for the immediate grant of a representative Constitution. The colony will survive, as Tasmania with far better natural conditions has survived, the discontinuance of Imperial Government expenditure for its convict establishment. Its geographical position, as being nearer to India, and to Europe by the Suez route, has been imagined to offer some commercial advantages compared with Melbourne and Sydney. But, until the anticipations of great metallic wealth are realized by a large actual product, there can be no attraction upon that coast for mercantile enterprise; and it seems too remote from the other provinces for an inter-colonial trade. The progress of West Australia, on the whole, is likely to be slow; but it may still be able to pay its way, and some day or other to make its railway from Perth and Fremantle to King George's Sound, uniting the western with the southern coast. "*Festina lente*" is perhaps the motto of safety in this case, while "*Advance Australia*" is the heraldic boast of New South Wales.

HERMANN'S HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.*

EVERY educated reader who is desirous of keeping abreast with the present rapid progress of science will be grateful for the translation of Professor Hermann's valuable outlines. If there is one impression which more than all others will be fixed on one's mind in reading this treatise it is that of the vast and varied amount of independent research with which the Germans are little by little enriching the science of physiology. In passing to this volume after a study of even the latest English manuals, we seem almost to be entering a distinct region of scientific research. Indeed several separate lines of inquiry which, as may be seen in this volume, the Germans have followed out to a considerable extent, are quite unknown in English physiology. We may instance many of the researches on the precise functions of the muscular and nervous tissues. Even where the ground travelled over is familiar to the English student, the number of new experiments and observations reached by the Germans serve to make the reading of the volume an introduction to new regions of phenomena. The opening up to English readers of these wide regions recently explored by German pioneers in science is a very considerable literary event, more especially as it is exceedingly difficult for one who is even fairly fluent in the use of German to get at these numerous groups of facts in a single work. The extreme specialization of science in Germany naturally leads to the publication of new discoveries in some isolated literary form, as contributions to periodicals, monographs, &c., which it is

* *Elements of Human Physiology*. By D. L. Hermann, Professor of Physiology in the University of Zürich. Translated from the Fifth Edition, by Arthur Gamgee, M.D., F.R.S., Brackenbury Professor of Physiology and Histology in the Owens College, Manchester, &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

no small labour to hunt up. Moreover, it is not often that a man who is himself engaged in certain special branches of inquiry cares to publish a general view of the whole science. Hermann's book is therefore a particularly valuable work of reference for all who are interested in the newest methods of physiological inquiry.

Precisely because the volume before us is so valuable as a repository of facts, and as a highly condensed manual on its very wide subject, it is a difficult work to review within a limited space. It travels over too much ground, and employs too compact a mode of presentation, to admit of a high degree of literary attractiveness. One merit of literary style the work does certainly possess in no ordinary degree, and one which is the first excellence of scientific writing—namely, clearness. It is rarely indeed that one finds so much lucidity of statement in an exposition which is often compelled to be abstruse, and always needs to be concise. This clearness, it may be observed, is in no inconsiderable measure due to the author's singular degree of scientific moderation, which leads him to make short work of all mere conjectures and unverified hypotheses, and to confine himself to well-ascertained facts and principles. Indeed it may be here remarked that one principal aim of the volume seems to be to show the reader how very little is certainly known with respect to the structure and functions of the human organism, compared with the vast unexplored region beyond. Apart from this virtue of lucidity, however, Professor Hermann's exposition has little to entitle it to a high literary rank. Accordingly, we can hardly make an interesting notice of the volume by a series of quotations, and must content ourselves with seeking to awaken the reader's interest by roughly indicating some of the most valuable parts of its contents.

The author's general conception of his subject is clearly unfolded in the introduction to his work. He looks upon "the human body, like that of every other animal, as an organism in which, by the chemical changes of its constituent parts, potential is converted into kinetic energy." Every such transference of potential energy into motive energy is attended with a certain diminution of the body's "energy-yielding store," and this loss has to be made good from without. Thus we find that "the existence of the organism is associated with a continual movement of matter into and out of it, which constitutes what may be termed the *circulation of the matter*, or the *material exchanges of the organism*." Hence the author devotes the first part of his treatise to a discussion of these exchanges of matter, which includes an account of the chemical constituents of the body, of the blood and its circulation, of its losses in secretion and its renewal by the processes of digestion and absorption, of the gaseous interchanges of the blood and respiration, and, finally, of the income and expenditure of the material of the body as a whole. The second part of the work treats of the "activities or energies" (*Leistungen*) of the body; that is to say, of the various forms of motion or action in which the kinetic energy (developed by chemical changes of the constituent parts) manifests itself. This part is mainly occupied with the generation of bodily heat, and with the several kinds of muscular movement. In the third part the author deals with the nervous system under the conception of a "liberating apparatus." By a liberating force he means "one which removes any hindrance or impediment to the conversion of potential into kinetic energy." It may set free either the whole store of energy existing at the time or only a certain part of this, bearing a definite relation to its own magnitude. An illustration of this second kind of liberating force is furnished us by

a head of water confined by a sluice with a rectangular door. The quantity of water which will flow out, and the kinetic energy represented by its fall, will depend upon the height to which the sluice-door has been raised, and upon the force—here acting as a liberating force—expended in raising it.

The forces of the nervous system have an analogy to this kind of liberating force, since they serve to "liberate" a part of the potential energy stored up at any given time in the muscular tissues, &c. This part gives a very full account of the nervous structures, including the peripheral organs of sense, as well as of the precise functions of nervous tissue and its several masses, so far as they have been elicited by recent observations and experiments—for example, by the highly curious employments of electric stimulation. The work concludes with a short fourth part which describes the processes involved in "the origin, development, and death of the organism."

In this bare summary of the contents the reader may see how skilfully the author has succeeded in arranging his rather bulky material. If we compare this clear and simple division of subject with that adopted by English physiologists—for example, by Dr. Carpenter in his *Human Physiology*—we cannot but be struck with the author's admirable grasp and logical insight. Of course such a simple symmetrical scheme cannot be carried out with absolute exactness, and Professor Hermann confesses in his introduction that he is compelled at times to anticipate what strictly speaking falls under a later section. Thus, in the first part, reference has to be made to the forces of the organism which "are often employed in directing its matter." At the same time the logical order here adopted amply justifies itself in the course of the exposition. As an illustration of its advantages we may point to the admirable chapter on "the exchanges of the matter of the body as a whole" (Chap. VI.) and the no less interesting introduction to Part II. following this chapter, both of which seem to have been suggested by the leading principle of arrangement, and in which the relations between income, expenditure, and stock of the matter of the body, and income and expenditure of its energy, are very ingeniously shadowed forth.

Where nearly every chapter contains something new and important to the English reader it is difficult to single out special points of interest. Perhaps the part of the exposition which will be found to have most general interest is that which deals with the nature of nervous action in the light of the numerous experiments now being carried on in Germany. Thus, for example, the series of experiments conducted by Du Bois Reymond, Pfüger, and others, by which the effects of electrical currents through nerves have been accurately noted and recorded, present a highly curious illustration of the minuteness and fulness of German physiological research. Among the interesting results thus obtained we may mention the fact that while "a completely constant current flowing through a nerve does not appear to be essentially capable of stimulating the nerve to activity . . . every variation in the intensity of the current produces irritation in the nerve, which is more powerful the more quickly or suddenly the variation occurs." Another striking fact partly established by these experiments is that nervous activity may be conducted in both directions, though in the natural processes of stimulation it is probably confined to one direction. The investigations, too, into the electrical phenomena of nerves, as shown in the resistance to the conduction of electric currents, are of great interest for all who are concerned in studying the exact nature of nervous action. Next to these experiments by means of electric stimulation, the attention of the reader may be called to the results of investigation into the rapidity of the nervous process (pp. 335-7), to the numerous discoveries relating to the functions of the eye recently contributed by Helmholtz and others, to the admirable account of the phenomena of reflex action as elucidated by the most recent researches; and, finally, to the enumeration of the functions of the higher centres so far as they are now approximately determinable. With respect to this last subject the author expresses himself very decidedly:—

Physiological experiments conducted in these regions are most indefinite. The usual plan of investigation—namely, that of applying stimuli to the brain-substance—leads either to negative results or, if electric stimulation is used, to results which, owing to the unavoidable dispersal of the currents in numerous directions, are not sufficiently localized to form the basis for trustworthy conclusions. In the place of exact observations after section and stimulation of different regions, we have here the far less refined method of observation after lesions—lesions induced in the most delicate and complicated organ of the body by means so absurdly rough that, as Ludwig has forcibly put it, they may be compared to injuries to a watch by means of a pistol-shot.

The author thinks Professor Ferrier's experiments especially inconclusive. It may be added that another eminent German physiologist, Professor Wundt, writes in much the same tone on this subject (see his work on *Physiological Psychology*, p. 221 *seq.*)

Where the greater part is so good it is ungracious perhaps to point to defects. Yet it must be urged that Professor Hermann's book suffers considerably from the want of illustrations, of which there are singularly few. Thus the account of the larynx is exceedingly hard to follow for want of a suitable drawing, and there is no drawing of the brain in the whole book. Also, in one or two places, the author seems to us to lose his customary sense of proportion, as when, in dealing with the eye (p. 357 *seq.*), he introduces a very full mathematical statement of refraction and the action of lenses (which really belongs to physical and not to physiological optics); while, on the other hand, he touches in the briefest manner on Fechner's important psycho-physical law (pp. 516, 517). We think, indeed, that Dr. Gamgee, whose desire to add nothing which would affect the general character of the work is worthy of all praise, might at least have supplied little deficiencies like the last, which render the volume far less complete to an English student. So, too, we think he might just as well have added a list of the principal works which are so often vaguely referred to by the bare insertion of the author's name in parenthesis in the text. With respect to the style of translation, our praise cannot well be too strongly expressed. The language is clear, and the style of composition genuinely English. With one or two slight corrections, such as of "slowing" for retarding (p. 73), and "seldom" (p. 499), the volume would be an almost perfect illustration of what a scientific translation should be.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

OF miscellaneous reading for boys of all ages and tastes there is this year even more than the usual abundant supply. *Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century*, by Robert Routledge (Routledge), is a really valuable contribution to popular science. It is a book which any intelligent lad will not only find pleasure in reading, but one which he will be glad to possess. Mr. Pepper, of ghostly celebrity, projected some work of the kind, but he was prevented from carrying his design into execution before leaving England. He had, however, had a quantity of woodcuts prepared, and had completed the articles upon the "Suez Canal," "Shells and Explosive Bullets," and "Sand Experiments." Of these Mr. Routledge has wisely availed himself. The book contains admirably clear descriptions of steam-engines, printing-machines, rock-boring, electricity, the making of different kinds of india-rubber, the discovery of coal-tar colours, and many other things too numerous to catalogue. The last chapter gives a very lucid account of the conservation of energy in the universe. There are between three and four hundred engravings, most of them representing either mechanical or scientific subjects.

We have received from Messrs. Hachette of Paris three volumes of the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, a series which contains a number of excellent handbooks at a very low price. They are all well illustrated and neatly printed upon good paper. *Histoire de l'Orfèvrerie*, by M. de Lasteyrie, seems to be an abridgment of a larger work on the subject, and contains woodcuts of some beautiful examples of ancient wrought iron. *Le Magnétisme*, by M. Radau, is a purely scientific publication. It begins with a dissertation on magnets, goes on to discuss the variations of the mariner's compass, and then treats of the different phenomena connected with electric currents, finishing by a description of electric machines and their various uses. *L'Air*, by M. Moitessier, comprises an account of the atmospheric changes which are constantly going on to produce rain and wind; and also discusses the different gases and their influence on plants and animals. The author manages to convey his information in an interesting and readable form.

A History and Handbook of Photography (Sampson Low) is a translation of M. Tissandier's work. It is an interesting little book, profusely illustrated, but only intended as a short and popular account of the history and development of this wonderful invention. The frontispiece is an example of what portrait-photography may become in skilful hands. A curious story is told, which some people may not have heard before, and which adds another example to the list of inventors who have not profited by their labours. M. Chevalier, the optician of the Quai de l'Horloge, relates how one day, in the year 1825, a poor half-starved-looking young man came into his shop, and asked the price of the new kind of camera which had been invented. When told the cost, he bowed his head with a look of hopeless despair. The young man then showed M. Chevalier a small view of Paris as sharp as the image to be seen in a camera, but actually printed on paper. He then gave the optician a vial containing a blackish fluid, and told him how to use it so as to obtain the same results; it was useless to him, for his lens was broken. But M. Chevalier was unsuccessful in his experiments, possibly because he did not properly prepare his paper; and, much to his disappointment, the poor young inventor never came back. M. Chevalier felt rather remorseful that he had not taken more pains to discuss the matter with him, but, as he knew Daguerre and Niepce were spending their lives in investigating the subject, he could not believe any one else had yet made further discoveries. It was not for nearly ten years after this that Mr. Fox Talbot produced his first paper photographs.

Time and Time-Tellers, by James W. Benson (Robert Hardwicke), is also a handbook. In it will be found a great deal of information in a popular form, but it has somewhat the look of an advertisement of the firm of Benson. It is illustrated with woodcut engravings of old or otherwise remarkable clocks.

Australian Heroes, by Charles H. Eden (S.P.C.K.), is a capital book. It is of course impossible to give within the limits of three hundred pages anything more than a mere sketch of the adventures of those gallant men who have been pioneers in our greatest colony, but the sketch is well done and full of interesting matter. There is an excellent detached map in the cover of the book, with the routes of the most celebrated travellers marked in colour.

Six thick volumes published by Mr. W. P. Nimmo consist entirely of compilations. We may specially mention *English Explorers*, containing abridgments of Mandeville, Bruce, Mungo Park, and others, and *A Book for Every Day*, on the plan of Hone. *Historical Mutinies*, another of the series, is to be commended, because the author has evidently been at the pains to consult the best authorities to be had on his subject. His examples range from the *Bounty* and Pitcairn's Island to the Indian Mutiny. These volumes are printed in double columns of fairly good type; their fault, to our mind, is a want of simplicity in the language. When books are intended for young people or for artisans only partially educated, it is very important that the style should be such as to convey a clear and vivid impression in the fewest possible words, and that these should be simple and well chosen.

The Adventures of Johnnie Ironsides, by J. Girardin, is so utterly French in sentiment and construction that we scarcely know whether English boys will care for it. Older people will be amused at the glimpses they get of family life amongst French people of the middle class in a provincial town. A minute account is given of Master Johnnie's proceedings from the time when his entrance into the world diminishes by a third the fortunes of his two sisters, until, having gone through the war with Germany, he is restored to Mrs. Ironsides' arms, and she weeps over him with mingled joy and pride. The conversation she holds with her son when he is eight years old, and wishes to be told in what manliness consists, is curious, if it is a fair example of the way in which French mothers converse with their boys. The illustrations are capital, particularly the minute figures in the letterpress. At page 9 is a landscape which is a perfect gem of wood-engraving. We have also from the same pen *Fausse Route* (Hachette, Paris), consisting of three stories which, if we mistake not, appeared in *Le Journal de la Jeunesse*. They are upon cowardice, disobedience, and egotism. The history of Edmond la Garde and the misfortunes which overtake him owing to his companionship with the three Sauterot boys, with whom his father has forbidden him to have any acquaintance, is written in such simple French that it would do well for the schoolroom, and be much more likely to interest children than the stupid books so often put

into their hands. *Le Journal de la Jeunesse* (Hachette), a serial publication, would answer the same purpose, as it contains not only stories, but also short and pleasant articles on various subjects. An abridged translation of *Tom Brown* will be found in this year's volume, and likewise a curious book, which we have also received in a separate form, *Les Aventures du Capitaine Magon*. This purports to be the account of a Phœnician expedition a thousand years before the Christian era. In one of the drawings we find a bird's-eye view of the city of Utica, and at the end a wonderful map of the ancient world according to M. Cahun, the author. The French pictures in *Le Journal* are good and full of life, but the woodcuts of Mr. Wolf's wild animals, borrowed from the book Mr. Whympy brought out last year, do not discredit our own art, and may bear comparison with the best French efforts in the same direction.

The Wild Horseman of the Pampas, by David Ker (King and Co.), does not want for incident, and is just the sort of book boys usually like. There is plenty of fighting and galloping and adventure, with a little love-making between. The "Wild Horseman" turns out to be the hero's long-lost brother, and has his name conveniently marked on his skin instead of his pocket-handkerchief. Poor Linda, the half-caste who saves Harry Frankland's life at the sacrifice of her own, is buried by her express desire in the prairies, so that the wild horses may scamper over her grave, and the fresh wind she loved so well sweep through the long rustling grass. The hero retires with his bride to a cottage in Jersey.

Sevenoaks, by Dr. J. G. Holland (Warne), is an American story which has had a very considerable run in its own country. It came out as a serial in *Scribner's Monthly*, and has been reviewed in most of the American papers. The real reason why so much notice has been taken of it on the other side of the Atlantic is that the chief character in the book is a vulgar speculator who acts dishonestly, takes up a prominent position in Congress, and, finally, as they would express it over there, "busts up." The only really successful character in the story is Jim the backwoodsman; he is a shrewd child of nature, and his love for the little tailor's wife is very prettily described.

Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery, Part I. (Cassells).—It will be nearly two years before the young housekeeper who takes this book in parts will be in possession of a recipe for yeast or whipped cream. It will be a tidy little person who will not either lose or grease several of the parts before they are ready to bind. There must be an enormous number of recipes, almost confusing in their multiplicity, but we think clearer and more practical direction upon the all-important subject of frying might have been given. Lard is not really the best thing to use for many reasons, and to drop water into the frying-pan is certainly not the best way to test the heat.

Golf: a Royal and Ancient Game (R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh), is a sumptuous book. It is only intended for the initiated, and does not profess to teach how the game is played. Mr. Clark begins at the beginning, and traces it back to a very early period. At the head of the first chapter is a facsimile, taken from a fourteenth-century manuscript, of two little men with golf clubs in their hands, one of whom is hitting the ball. In the fifteenth century the game seems to have become very popular, for in March 1457 Parliament decreed "that the Fute ball and Golf be utterly cryit doune, and nocht usit." In 1592 the Edinburgh Town Council fined those who "in tyme of sermons are seen vagant athort the streets drynking in taverns, or otherwise at golf, aircherie, or other pastimes upon the Links, thairby profaning the Sabbath day." In 1651 several people were obliged to make public repentance for playing the game on Sunday. However, James VI. altered the law and permitted people to amuse themselves on the Links in the afternoon, provided they could prove that they had been to church in the morning. A considerable part of the book is taken up with the republication of articles and poems which have appeared upon the subject in magazines and elsewhere. Many of the papers are amusing, and some interesting, as they concern well-known men who have been enthusiastic about the national game. The head and tail pieces are admirable both in drawing and engraving, and the printing is perfection. The border, representing a hundred golfers, is very clever, but it was a mistake repeating it on the opposite page. Mr. Clark is well known as a first-rate player, so this work must have been to him a labour of love. It will be an acceptable present to every one who is fond of the game, and those who like a really well got up book will be obliged to admire it, even if they have no sympathy with its contents.

We are sure boys will welcome a fresh edition of the *Modern Playmate* (Warne). It contains directions for playing every sort of game from leap-frog to chess. We wish a little more space had been devoted to lawn tennis, which might have been done by giving a little less to croquet. Gymnastics, carpentry, chemistry, sports, astronomy, and we do not know how many other things, are included in this useful book. Even gardening and how to manage pets are treated of, and ventriloquism brings up the rear. The only thing we see omitted, which might come under the head of play, is games with cards, of which there is no mention. It is a pity that some strong cheap binding could not be devised for such a book as this; for although the crimson and gold cloth cover may be attractive to the eye, it cannot long hold together a heavy book of nine hundred pages. It would be almost better either to issue it like the French books in paper, or else bound in roan like school books.

The Young Lady's Book (Routledge), although on much the same plan, is not nearly so good as the *Modern Playmate*. Mrs.

Mackarness may know how to catch a sunbeam, but she does not know how to compile successfully. It is hard to say why girls are not supposed to require as thorough a book as that offered to boys. We turned to "Painting on China" as a sort of test, and this is what we find:—"Painting on china is a very elegant and thoroughly feminine employment, giving occupation to many young ladies now; but as it is not permitted to be revealed except to the artist employed, I warmly suggest it to those who feel disposed to employ themselves in some way by which money can be earned to fill their purses for charitable purposes, or to add to the pocket, which, where there are large families, is often somewhat scanty." We do not quite understand the meaning of this, but we have never heard of any difficulty in getting either the china to paint or the colours to paint with, or in having the crockery burnt afterwards. With regard to the secret involved, almost every china artist has his own idea as to what is the best medium. Some use nothing but sugar and water, which acts very well, and others preparations into which size enters. Moral reflections seem to us out of place in a book of this kind, where only one page can be spared in which to describe the science of rowing. This page is illustrated by some pattern young women practising the art. They ought only to do so near the Humane Society's drags, as they will certainly capsize their boat before they have executed many of the strokes taught by Mrs. Mackarness. The art of illumination has actually nearly two pages assigned to it, as well as a hideous coloured pattern. The list of books "for further information" is not good. It is a bad plan to present to young people scraps of information to save them the trouble of really learning things; it only leaves them shallow, and makes them conceited, because they can talk as if they were well informed. Some of the illustrations, which are graceful and pretty, we fancy we have seen before. The flowers which occur in the article on Botany must belong to some obsolete book, as many of them do not give anything more than an imaginary view of the flower, and are therefore worse than useless for teaching purposes. *Beeton's Englishwoman's Annual* is another of these scrappy books. It contains patterns of fancy work too hideous to behold, and "Notes on Gardening" from which no ignorant person could ever learn to garden, and which would be unnecessary to any one who understood the subject.

From Mr. De la Rue we have received a fascinating parcel of Christmas cards and diaries, too pretty almost to use. No. 2180, a Pocket-book, in pearl colour and gold, is fit for a bride, and 1180, a little one in tan colour and gold, for a fairy princess. The Almanacks for hanging up are in excellent taste, and have moveable circles for the days of the month. Mr. T. J. and J. Smith's parcel contains diaries of every size which it is possible to imagine, and of nearly every shape. The thick octavo is particularly useful, as it contains a great deal of information, and is a nice-looking book. There are also pocket-books, scribbling-books, washing-books, housekeeping-books—in short, everything required to help memory and orderly arrangement of the household. The *City Diary* (Collingridge) is specially intended for business men, and contains a list of the people employed in different public capacities which will be found most useful. The *Churchman's Almanack*, in two different sizes, and combined with a pocket-book, are already well known to those who like to have a table of lessons, lists of both Houses of Parliament, the members of the Privy Council, the bishops, and superior clergy, and many other useful pieces of information within reasonable compass.

Beethoven's Sonatas, edited by Agnes Zimmermann (Novello), are in a very convenient form. The print is evidently from plates, not type, and has the distinctness so necessary where the music is condensed. The editor has fingered the difficult passages throughout, and has divided some of the long runs, which used to be played by sliding, into passages for both hands. She has endeavoured to get the best text, and gives a list of the few trifling alterations she has made where there seemed to have been an oversight in the original text. *Moore's Irish Melodies*, edited by M. W. Balfe (Novello), are so cheap as to be within the reach of all, and so well worth having that no one who sings ought to be without them. Some of the most beautiful are the least known, and cannot be called hackneyed, as the "Last Rose of Summer" is, no doubt. *Iphigenia in Tauris*, by Glück (Novello), is also in a cheap convenient form, but the printing is not so black and clear as in the *Beethoven Sonatas*.

MINOR NOTICES.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Matthew Higgins* was for a number of years a familiar figure in London society, he was probably better known to the public under the name of "Jacob Omnium," the title which he gave to his first published work, and afterwards adopted as his regular *nom de plume*. A selection from his earlier writings, with a biographical notice of the author by his old friend Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, has just appeared, and will serve as an interesting memorial of one who was in his way a remarkable man. It is intimated that, if the present volume is favourably received, it may be followed by another, giving specimens of Mr. Higgins's manner of handling the minor public topics of the day; but perhaps it would

have been better to have incorporated these with the present selection, as giving a complete view of his literary powers. In the meantime, however, we may be content with what we have got. Mr. Higgins, as we learn from Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's sketch, was a native of Ireland. He lost his father early and was brought up under the care of his mother. From a private school at Bath he went to Eton; thence to New College, Oxford, where, it is remarked, hunting seems to have occupied more of his time and thought than study; and he afterwards passed some time in Italy and Spain. He was known among his friends as the "gentle giant" on account of his suavity and his remarkable height of six feet eight inches, which gave rise to a complaint on the part of another gentleman of the same name, who was only about six feet four inches, that he was distinguished as "Little Higgins." He had inherited an estate in the West Indies, which he visited in 1838 in order to see to its management during the painful transition stage which followed the emancipation of the negroes, and it was probably owing to his personal supervision that the property escaped the ruin which overtook other plantations. The experience thus acquired was extended in a second journey some years later, and subsequently proved very useful to him in taking part in discussions relating to the sugar trade. It was not till 1845 that he wrote anything for publication, and his first effort was the story of "Jacob Omnium," here reprinted, which appeared in the *New Monthly*, and was quickly followed by other social sketches. Thackeray and Higgins were at this time both contributors to the magazine, and it is curious to observe a certain similarity in their earlier writings. There are many touches in "Jacob Omnium" which might well have come from the author of the "Snob Papers" or "Brown's Letters," and when the two met they formed a lifelong intimacy. Every one will recollect the famous ballad in which Policeman X celebrated his friend's courage and pertinacity in exposing a gross judicial abuse. It is possible that this sympathetic alliance may explain the odd circumstance of a page or two from the *Book of the Snob* turning up almost word for word in the sketch of Cornet Rag which is given in the present volume as an original composition, never before published. Can it be that Higgins helped the novelist with some jottings of character which the other worked into his text? If so, Thackeray seems to have thought some of his friend's hits a little too strong. When the Irish famine of 1846-7 was at its height Mr. Higgins was one of the volunteers who gave his services to the Relief Committee, and was for some months engaged as one of its representatives in the north-west districts of Connaught. Any one who wishes to comprehend the intense misery and helplessness of the people at this time should read Mr. Higgins's reports of what he saw. It seems that he once stood as a Parliamentary candidate at Westbury, but that was his only attempt to obtain a seat. As a journalist, however, of a peculiar type, he became perhaps a more important public character than if he had sat in the House of Commons. He wrote for the *Morning Chronicle* in its best days, and was afterwards a frequent correspondent of the *Times*, till a difference of opinion as to the Crawley Court-martial led to a rupture. He transferred his services during the last few years of his life to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The present volume is exclusively confined to social pictures, and gives no specimen of Mr. Higgins's treatment of public questions, but it is not difficult to trace in the former some of the qualities of style which afterwards rendered him so formidable as a controversialist. One of the chief characteristics of his writing is its clearness and simplicity, and the sort of innocent candour with which audacious things are occasionally said. He was no doubt in one way a powerful writer, but it was not so much strong language as the natural, easy, unceremonious flow of his narrative, the picturesque grouping of facts and use of phrases which rather suggested than distinctly formulated impressions, as if he had only a plain story to tell, and people must see at once what to think of it, that constituted his force. There is a very good example of this in the present volume. In an article called "The Wild Sports of Middlesex" we are treated to a picture of "a clipping thing with the Queen's," in which we have brought vividly before us the vulgarity and artificial nature of the sport, especially the cruel treatment of the wretched deer, which in the end makes for town, and is found limping along a crowded street, "a dusty, sweated, jaded beast," and has to be killed, the hard macadam having rubbed off the horny part of its feet. Immediately following this in the volume, as we suppose it also did when originally published, is a sketch of "The Father of the Fancy," an old dog-fancier who has just finished a month at the treadmill for being the proprietor of an establishment where dog fights were held, badgers drawn, cats worried, and rats massacred. The writer is supposed to visit the veteran at home and to listen to his views as to his professional pursuits. At first sight it does not strike one that there is any connexion between this and the previous pages, until we find the old man towards the end asking "why, when Her Majesty's Hounds chevy a poor tame deer along the hard road, till his feet drop off, and then tear him to pieces, the humane public approve of the transaction and term it 'a clipping thing with the Queen's'?" "The Society's officers," the old man goes on, "don't never meddle with steeplechasing; I never heard tell of their lagging the nobby young dove-butchers at the Red House—they aren't say a word to swells as bags their ten thousand head of game in three days"; and then we see the drift of the argument clearly enough. The secret of "Jacob Omnium's" power of demonstration lay in his adroitness in bringing together his facts in such a way that, without any appearance of straining

* *Essays on Social Subjects*. By Matthew James Higgins. With a Memoir by Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. With two Portraits. Smith, Elder, & Co.

or need of laboured argument, they seemed in their simple eloquence to point distinctly and irresistibly to the conclusion which he desired to establish. Some of the sketches in this collection have an historical interest. The articles on buying horses are worth reading not only for the humour of the character-painting, but for the practical sagacity of the advice. The description of Monaco is of course now rather out of date, but nothing can be fresher or more charming than the account of "A Day with the Emperor's Hounds." On the whole, this is a very amusing and interesting book, and many readers will look forward with interest to the continuation which is promised.

Professor Bonamy Price* has published a summary of the views of currency and banking which he has at different times enunciated in his lectures at Oxford and in his writings. He has seen, he says, no reason to alter his opinions, and he now repeats them in a somewhat abbreviated, but not less emphatic, form. He begins by frankly confessing that the region into which he invites his readers may be justly described as chaos, and that the very sound of the word "currency" makes a man turn his back or shut his ears. But presently he tries to persuade us that this is all prejudice, and that currency can be easily and naturally explained if people will only take the trouble to understand its essential conditions. Professor Price regards the Bank Charter Act of 1844 as a good Act as far as it goes, but suggests that the office of issue should be made a distinct Government office, and also that there should be bank-notes of smaller amounts than the existing issues. He holds that the rate of discount ought to be determined, not by the amount of the reserve in the Bank of England, but by a general consideration of the state of trade. The difficulty which perhaps Professor Price somewhat underrates is the weakness of human nature, which renders so many men incapable of scientific insight. There is always a lazy generation seeking a conspicuous and readily understood sign.

Under the auspices of the Christian Evidence Committee of the "S.P.C.K." Mr. Le Gros Clark has prepared an edition of Paley's *Natural Theology*† "with such alterations in the illustrative part of the text as are required by the progress of science since the author's time." It may be admitted that the editor has done his work as thoroughly as could be expected, but an experiment of this kind must always be somewhat doubtful; and it would perhaps have been as well for Mr. Clark to have left Paley alone, and to have written an original treatise. Paley had himself very little science to begin with—indeed he is believed to have borrowed a large part of his materials from a Dutch writer—and the chief merit of his book is the clearness and plausibility of its style, which can hardly be reproduced.

Mr. Mark Boyd has favoured the public with what he calls *Social Gleanings*‡, as a supplement to some reminiscences which he published a few years ago, and which were reviewed in our columns (*Saturday Review*, May 6th, 1871). The present work is, we are sorry to say, no improvement on its predecessor. It is, as the former was, a collection of anecdotes which are for the most part destitute of point or interest, and which, even if there were anything in them, would be spoilt by the dreary maundering in which they are embedded. Mr. Boyd would certainly seem to be one of those Scotchmen who, if they are able to take in a joke themselves, cannot retail it without spoiling the fun. One of the first stories is headed, "My Introduction to Lord Palmerston," which, it appears, took place after a public dinner, when "we had reached the drawing-room, and I was sipping my coffee, and listening at some little distance to the chit-chat of the distinguished circle"—that is to say, when he was making long ears in order to pick up talk which was not meant for him. A Scotch Lord of the Treasury took compassion on him, and introduced him to Lord Palmerston, and then followed this remarkable colloquy:—"His Lordship asked me if I was married. 'I am not, my Lord,' 'Had you been, I should have told you that all respectable married men, when the affairs of the State do not interfere, should'—looking at the clock—'go home to their wives at twenty minutes past eleven.'" Then we have "My Introduction to Sir Walter Scott," of which all that is recorded is that, on his having met Sir Walter and some of his family driving from Abbotsford when he was on his way there with his own cousins, Sir Walter used these memorable words to the latter:—"You must now continue your drive and show Mr. Boyd Abbotsford." Another wonderful narrative is headed "When the Author Basked in the Sunshine of Royalty." It seems that, when the author was a baby, he was "looked upon, in his nurse's arms at Brighton, as one of the fattest babies to be seen, so as to attract the marked attention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent." This singular compliment was supposed by Mr. Boyd's mother to be wholly intended for the infant, but his father, it seems, used to suggest that it was because the child had a pretty nurse. "A Royal Duchess's Bon Mot" raises our expectations, and turns out to be that the Duchess of York, observing that the Broadwater, a small lake at Otlands, had had the water run off, remarked to a military guest, "Here is a second Water-low without the danger." Another story begins, "I found myself one day last summer under the scissars of an intelligent countryman of mine in the Burlington Arcade," and we can readily conceive that

in such a case the twaddle of the customer was a just retribution on the barber's traditional loquacity. It is difficult to fathom the depth of stupidity into which a man must be sunk who retails as a capital jest a pun of Lord Clarendon's at Homburg, when he invited a friend to go with him to the "Quarter Sessions" there, and it turned out that this meant the Quatre Saisons Hôtel.

The chief defect of the poets of our day would seem to be that either they have nothing to say, or they do not know how to say it. Mr. Herbert Martyn* belongs to the former class. His verses are, on the whole, neat and smooth, but his ideas are of the most commonplace and trivial kind. His attempts to depict natural scenes are feeble and shadowy, and his moralising is vapid. In short, his muse resembles what, in his own language, is called the

 piping of the small birds,
Piping on without surcease.

Mr. Hake†, on the other hand, who is already known as the author of some promising pieces, shows that he undoubtedly possesses both imagination and command of language; but the accumulation of words is out of all proportion to the value of the thoughts conveyed. There is a kind of mystic awe about the "Snake Charmer," but it loses itself in obscurity. "Pythagoras" raises hopes by its opening picture of the philosopher, after passing through many forms, considering what he is to be next, or whether the "golden day has come at last"; but somehow the light dies out. And so it is with most of Mr. Hake's poems; a little more labour in the way of compression would greatly improve them. Poets may be reminded of Brindley's advice in regard to keeping a canal water-tight—"puddle it, and puddle it, and puddle it again"; and good verse requires equally toilsome manipulation. Yet there is a grave sweetness of touch and suggestive thoughtfulness in Mr. Hake's writings which produce a kind of dreamy satisfaction, and they certainly deserve attention.

Mr. Sinclair, the author of *The Messenger*‡, is also known by a former poem, and possesses qualities which might win him distinction as a poet, if it were not for certain unpleasant affectations and a habit of hiding slovenly thought and expression under a pretentious style. The present work, which fills 174 pages, would be greatly strengthened by being boiled down to half or a quarter of the bulk. Mr. Sinclair belongs to that order of geniuses who despise the drudgery of working out and clarifying ideas, and think that the haphazard fancies of the moment, however crude and undigested, are good enough for the public. It must be admitted that there is at the present day more than one eminent example of this defect; but it is ruinous in a beginner. Westland, the hero of the poem, introduces himself as the "wren prey of vulturine swooping fiends," and seems to be intended as a hopeless Byronic person, only more metaphysical than Byron's misanthropes. He likens his experiences to those of a fly,

Which Time and Space are mangling, leg by leg.

His distemper, when more closely diagnosed, appears to be that he is condemned "to grovel in the Hell of Symbolism," and he endeavours to find comfort in an explosion of expletives:—

 Ye Lightnings, come!
Stemmed Rivers, Avalanches, break your bonds!
Volcanic Earthquakes, blast the world to dust!

All this is not very prepossessing, but the poem contains passages of a saner kind. The general idea is that of a party of pilgrims, sick at heart with the emptiness and corruption of ordinary human existence, wandering off to seek in some better sphere that "wondrous doubled soul,"

Whose bright phæbaphroditic beauty spans
The widest wastes between the Earth and skies.

The pilgrims are not very successful, it would seem, but they console themselves with the reflection that they have discovered Westland, whose poetic utterances are to regenerate the world. During this journey the party of course discuss a great variety of questions, all tending to the conclusion that true poetry is the highest good. Here and there we are struck by a flash of intense writing or vigorous metaphor; but the absurd pretensions of the writer and the excruciating roughness of his rhythm are very tiresome. As in the case of another versifier mentioned above, we may take one of Mr. Sinclair's own lines to describe his style; it reminds one of

 The ghosts
Which weakly wander o'er the windy hills,
Or stride in darkness through dark halls below.

Mr. Alexander Anderson§ is, it seems, a working surfaceman or platelayer on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway at Kirkcubright, Dumfriesshire, who has already acquired a local reputation as a poet, and now seeks a wider recognition of his muse. His modesty has led him to accept the services of an introducer, who is no other than Mr. George Gilfillan of Dundee. This patron of genius is perhaps best known as the hero of the passage in *Firmilium*, where a critic, having written to a distinguished man of letters to assure him that he had never criticized him unfavourably, is asked, "Who, in the name of Zernebock, art thou?" his existence having been until then wholly unknown. Mr. Gilfillan rather over-lays his protégé, and certainly does him injustice by his foolish admiration. Happily there are really some sterling qualities in Mr. Anderson

* *Currency and Banking*. By Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. H. S. King & Co.

† *Paley's Natural Theology*. Revised to Harmonize with Modern Science. By F. Le Gros Clark, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

‡ *Social Gleanings*. By Mark Boyd. Longmans & Co.

* *Poems*. By Herbert Martyn. Glasgow: Maclehose.

† *New Symbols*. By Thomas Gordon Hake. Chatto & Windus.

‡ *The Messenger*. By Thomas Sinclair. Trübner.

§ *The Two Angels; and other Poems*. By Alexander Anderson. Edinburgh and Glasgow: J. Menzies & Co.

which speak for themselves. Considering his defective education and his every-day employment, there is a remarkable delicacy and refinement in some of the pieces, and the writer has evidently a good, though not uniformly accurate, ear for melody. Sometimes the ring of the rhythm is rather conventional; but, on the whole, the versification is above the average of minor bards. There are both humour and pathos in some of Mr. Anderson's domestic pictures; and it is when he attempts to depict the tragedies of the railway that he most conspicuously fails, but the sort of butchery which is the chief feature of these stories perhaps accounts for this. "In Rome," a poem in sonnets, though somewhat ambitious, has the true poetical flavour.

Mr. David Nasmyth, who is known as the author of a useful book called *The Institutes of English Public Law*, has now produced a companion volume relating to private law. It is in two volumes, one treating of persons and the other of things, and is arranged in a simple and methodical manner, so that it is easy to get at the essential information on any point. The book is dedicated to the present Lord Chancellor.

Under the title of *Over the Borders of Christendom and Estamiah*† Mr. Creagh has published a vulgar, slangy, and worthless book. It purports to give a record of a tour through Hungary, Slavonia, Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and other parts of Eastern Europe, in the summer of 1875, but the author appears to have been mainly interested in what may be called the tap-room life of the different countries through which he passed. At least it is to this aspect of the subject that his own attention appears to have been almost exclusively directed, and the rest of his two volumes is made up of historical hash.

Mr. Eason's *Almanack and Handbook for Ireland*, ‡ now in its third year of issue, has already established a reputation for itself on account of the accuracy and completeness of the information which it conveys in a cheap and handy form; and it is enough to say that the new edition is quite equal to its predecessors.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's so-called *Final Reliques of Father Prout* § is one of those catchpenny publications which seem in recent years to be rather on the increase. The greater part of the volume is made up of Mr. Mahony's letters from Rome as Correspondent of the *Daily News* under the editorship of Mr. Dickens, together with a few scraps sent from Paris when the writer was afterwards settled there. This correspondence was no doubt very interesting at the time, but it is too loose and fragmentary to be worth resuscitation. The rest of the volume consists of a life of, or essay on, Mahony by Mr. Jerrold, in his usual weak and sloppy style, and eked out largely by extracts from magazine articles by other hands. Father Prout deserves to be remembered as a wit and scholar, but his well-known *Reliques* are a sufficient memorial, and his life was certainly not of a character to require or warrant a detailed biography.

* *The Institutes of English Private Law; embracing an Outline of the Substantive Branch of the Law of Persons and Things.* By David Nasmyth. 2 vols. Butterworths.

† *Over the Borders of Christendom and Estamiah.* By James Creagh. 2 vols. Samuel Tinsley.

‡ *An Almanack and Handbook for Ireland for the Year 1876.* By Charles Eason. Dublin: W. H. Smith & Son.

§ *The Final Reliques of Father Prout (Rev. Francis Mahony).* Collected and Edited by Blanchard Jerrold. Chatto & Windus.

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